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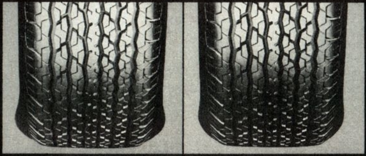
One of these tires is dangerously underinflated.



Can you tell by looking?

by John Kelley

A tire engineer reveals his four important "Don'ts" for avoiding tire trouble.

Since there's no such thing as an indestructible tire, I follow four simple precautions to extend tire life and to help prevent tire trouble. And I suggest you do, too.

1. Don't allow your tires to become underinflated.

Underinflation causes heat build-up that can result in a blowout and can reduce tire life. To be safe, check your tires at least once a week while they're cold, using an accurate gauge like this one.

In the illustration, the tire on the left (above) is the underinflated one. But you can't tell by looking. Particularly with radials. Trust your tire gauge, not your eyes.

2. Don't overload your car.

The added weight overloads your tires, too, which generates excess heat and sets up a possible blowout condition.

3. Don't depend on badly worn tires.

They won't give you the traction you need for safe driving or stopping. Especially on wet pavements.

4. Don't drive where only tanks should go.

Any tire can fail under hazardous road conditions.

What it gets down to is this, tire safety really depends on proper inflation, load, wear and operating conditions. In other words, the most important element in avoiding tire trouble and extending tire life is You and Your Common Sense. If you don't look after your tires, you're looking for trouble.

After all, you've got more to lose than your tires.

This Message Is Paid For By Firestone.

A Letter from the Publisher

We are coming up to Super Sunday, when 70 million Americans will be watching the Super Bowl. Our cover story, written by Associate Editor B.J. Phillips, contrasts the opponents: the cool, efficient Cowboys and the upstart Broncos. One problem for Phillips was to figure out what lifts a team through all the playoffs and into the big bowl. "I finally concluded that Billy Clyde Puckett was onto something in *Semi-Tough,*" she says. "He found out that everyone wants to win, but the champions are the guys who hate losing most." The game will be held in New Orleans' Superdome, which Senior Writer Michael Demarest visited for his accompanying piece on the controversial indoor sports arena. For Demarest, going to Louisiana was a kind of homecoming: his family has lived in New Orleans for three centuries.


PAUL KEATING

Phillips and Demarest plot the Super Bowl

■

Before writing his impressions of Micronesia for NATION, Hong Kong Correspondent David DeVoss made a 17,500-mile, 17-day odyssey through America's vast aqueous empire. He had first visited the Pacific during the early '70s while commuting to two brief tours in Viet Nam and remembered the islands as "a frontier where tedium and pleasure competed for men's souls." Those territories today, he found, are suddenly facing very modern social and economic problems.

In the course of his voyage, DeVoss surveyed the island of Ponape via a Boston whaler, helped fly a Grumman goose on an air evacuation mission in the Marshall Islands, attended the wedding of a high chief's daughter in Pago Pago, and talked about Somerset Maugham's legacy with former Samoan Governor H. Rex Lee as rain beat against the roof of the veranda. "Ego gratification and upward mobility, America's gifts to Micronesia, have changed the Pacific of Maugham and Robert Louis Stevenson," says DeVoss. "A $500,000 bridge is planned to link two outer Samoan islands I once swam between four years ago. Still, no change can dull the macaroon scent of drying copra or the taste of raw tuna."


P.J. RYAN

DeVoss talking to new Governor of Samoa

Ralph P. Davidson

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Do it. Down in the beautiful United States Virgin Islands. Swimming, diving, sailing. Fishing, golfing, playing tennis. Sightseeing and shopping. Sporting the day away. Then taking your tan on the town at night. For the details, see your travel agent. The United States Virgin Islands. **What a life.**

United States Virgin Islands

St. Croix · St. John · St. Thomas

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In 1779, when John Paul Jones received command of the Bonhomme Richard, Martell may well have been there.

France's Minister of Marine places the frigate Bonhomme Richard under the flag of the United States and the command of Captain John Paul Jones. It is from this ship that Captain Jones will reply, "I have not yet begun to fight," and defeat the British vessel, Serapis.

The turning over of command. What more appropriate time to raise a glass of the renowned cognac from the House of Martell. For by 1779 important occasions had been celebrated with Martell Cognac for more than half a century.

They still are.

Martell. Taste history.

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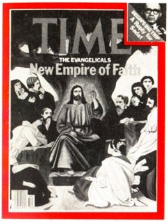
Letters

The Evangelicals

To the Editors:

Evangelical visibility [Dec. 26] is due in part to the failure of the liberal establishment to do anything except follow the line of retreat, retrenchment and unconcern for the true Gospel. But the Evangelicals have not arrived. The movement has only reached a point where, if it does not assault and change the sources of power in America, it will decline. I refer to the mainline denominations, the liberal theological seminaries, the large secularized universities, the business world, the media and other powerful organizations



that still go their old ways without repentance or significant alteration.

Harold Lindsell, Editor
Christianity Today
Carol Stream, Ill.

The relationship between man and his Creator is a serious matter. Praise the Lord it's finally being treated as such.

Angela Cuppetelli
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

The rampant spread of Christianity is the best news we've read in years, and it gives us renewed hope for the future of our great nation.

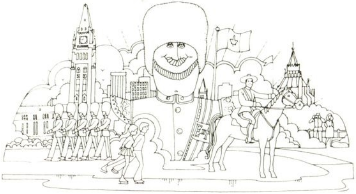
David Christensen
Kent R. Christensen
Mendham, N.J.

Your "New Empire of Faith" accurately reflects the religious fervor rejuvenating itself all over America, the exception being here in the Bible Belt. It's not new, 'cause it never left.

Bette J. Servos
Shawnee, Kans.

Your article points out that while Evangelical Christianity claims 45 million adherents, the movement has had little positive impact or influence on the formative ideas of American culture, in our great universities, or in our communica-

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF BACKGAMMON WITH THE BERKLEYS...



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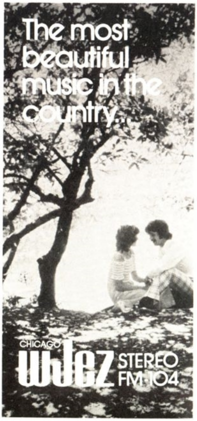

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Letters

tions media. This is not surprising, since this philosophy's public image is one of book bannings, Scopes monkey trials and Anita Bryant crusades. If such lunacy is supposed to "save" America, you'll forgive my stifled laughter.

Brian R. Alms
Kankakee, Ill.

Evangelicals do harm in preaching in places like India.

If faith in and fear of God are what they think Christianity preaches, I hasten to remind them that so too do all other religions. If the Bible is divine, then so too are the Gita and the Koran; any other conclusion would imply that God discriminates. He doesn't.

Prabhat Acharya
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Game Machines

Your article about electronic games [Dec. 26] provides a great basis for placing past, present and future in perspective. In the old days we played chess, backgammon and battleship together with friends and family. Today we can match wits with these ever willing, never complaining machines. Tomorrow we will become reacquainted with friends and family while the machines battle it out in the next room.

Alan J. Posnack
Hooksett, N.H.

If games keep growing and becoming more realistic, we will no longer need technical schools. Just select an occupation, play the game for a couple of years and have the company send us a diploma.

Dan Mahoney
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Critic Simon

New York Magazine Critic John Simon [Dec. 26] (with whom I've had no contact, to my knowledge) cannot be a very happy man.

If he must dwell on the physical, he should notice that Liza Minnelli possesses the most beautiful eyes since Elizabeth Taylor first batted her baby violets. She has other very nice attributes, but they're merely happy accidents of nature.

Her talent, however, is no accident. Her ability to reach an audience, and touch the very core of so many people, is a result of hard work and professional dedication. But most of all, she has heart —that indefinable something that separates the ordinary from the extraordinary.

Could Mr. Simon be suffering from a simple case of heart envy?

Carol Burnett
Beverly Hills, Calif.

John Simon is not appreciated by most writers of book, theater and movie chat because he is what they only pretend to be: a critic. Like earlier critics

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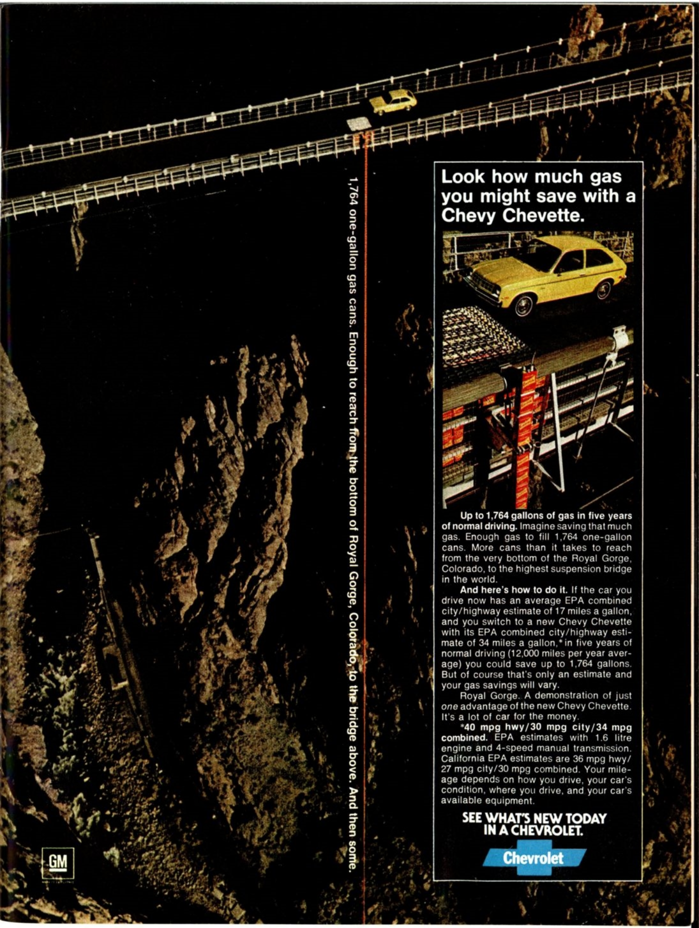
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Look how much gas you might save with a Chevy Chevette.
Up to 1,764 gallons of gas in five years of normal driving. Imagine saving that much gas. Enough gas to fill 1,764 one-gallon cans. More cans than it takes to reach from the very bottom of the Royal Gorge, Colorado, to the highest suspension bridge in the world.
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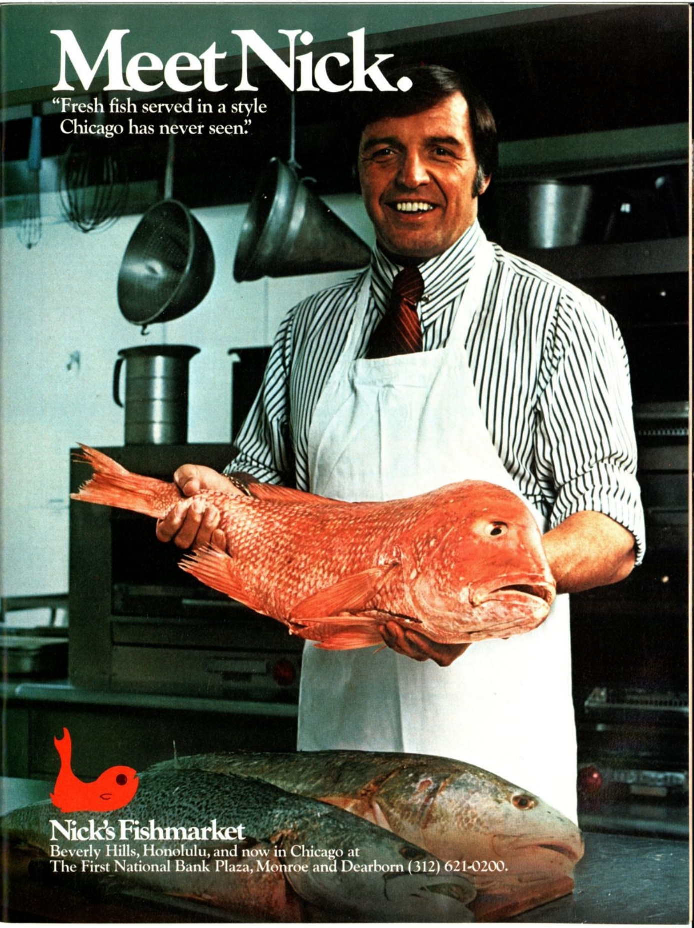
Box & Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 20 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.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The tall, stately building on the tricorner of Milwaukee, North and Damen Avenues may present to some a picture of relaxed quietude. But step inside. . . and you'll find a beehive of activity.

In the main lobby the pace is quick as people from all walks of life make deposits, regular as clockwork, come every payday. Off to the side, a young couple is opening a passbook savings account, perhaps for the first time. At another desk, those who have already saved up at least $1,000 are putting their hard-earned money into one of the high-yield savings certificates.

You'll also find many savers opening the popular IRA or Keogh retirement accounts. With tax-deductible and tax-deferred advantages offered by both accounts, and with an eye toward a financially cozy retirement, they know a good savings plan when they see one. And those who are already receiving Social Security or other government benefit checks are quick to realize the safety and convenience of our Social Security direct deposit service.

Our NOW (Negotiable Order of Withdrawal) account is also highly popular. Why? Because with a Fairfield NOW account you can pay all your bills the easy way, simply by filling out a NOW draft. . . which works like a regular check and is accepted in all 50 states. What's more, you can transfer your funds from your savings to your NOW account simply by picking up the phone.

On the second floor, in the meantime, our big and busy home loan department is taking initial applications, writing appraisal reports, closing loans. . . and making a dream come true to many a family. So the next time you pass by, look in on us. You may find us busy all right, but never too busy to give you a helping hand.

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Letters

with a well-defined aesthetic point of view, Simon writes lucid and scholarly essays—works of art in themselves.

Frederic T. Wright
Philadelphia

Ghetto School

Your article on Marva Collins' one-room school in Chicago [Dec. 26] was an exciting story about a simple approach. It confirms a basic truth that most educators have lost sight of: it is dedicated people and consistency, not fancy equipment and complicated systems of instruction, that make the difference in education. Small continues to be beautiful.

Edward B. Simmons, Headmaster
Dunn School
Los Olivos, Calif.

Having students repeat memorized passages or answers to questions suggests that Teacher Marva Collins had better restudy what Socrates was all about. Socratic questioning doesn't call for pat, memorized answers. Why do dedicated "back-to-basics" teachers feel that they must always swing to the opposite side of the current educational pendulum? Can't they combine the best of both worlds?

Frank Novello
San Jose, Calif.

Poverty in the Army

I was pleased to see TIME highlight the distressing situation faced by many of our young married soldiers stationed in West Germany [Dec. 26]. I recently visited our troops in Europe and was shocked and ashamed at the conditions under which many are living.

The Secretary of Defense has approved the Army's request to extend transportation and other benefits currently denied soldiers in Grade E-4 and below to those ranks who are posted in Europe. I am confident that the Congress will approve and fund this extension of benefits during the coming year.

Robert L. Nelson
Assistant Secretary of the Army
Washington, D.C.

This former Marine Corps master sergeant, with voluntary service in two wars, felt nothing for the financial plight of our little vacationing soldier boys in Germany. The U.S. military is totally overpaid and pampered. I've had occasions to observe our soldiers' behavior in Germany, both married and unmarried; and in most cases, if not plain ignorant, it's shabby. Many Germans are totally fed up with the ill-disciplined, prideless people we call the military.

Joe Buffer
Malibu, Calif.

As a former U.S. Army draftee dependent who lived in West Germany for 18 months, I can readily attest to the fact that it is difficult to live in the German economy on an enlisted man's pay. However, I'd like to point out that on the day following monthly payday, the majority of low-ranking enlisted men have blown their entire paychecks on new furniture, expensive household appliances, cars, liquor, evenings out on the town and even plane fare back and forth to the U.S. on military leave. With a little planning, my husband and I were able to get by and even travel in Europe.

Eleanora R. McClelland
Sharon, Mass.

Steel and Japanese Ships

Your article "The Wreck of the Two Sisters" [Dec. 26] shocked me. The two sister ships, costing $28 million each, were built in Japan, by Japanese labor, and are owned by whom? Bethlehem Steel Corp.!

All we ever hear from our steel industry is, "Limit imports from Japan because we can't compete with Japanese steel." It doesn't sound to me as though they are even trying.

Richard Eggleston
Hatboro, Pa.

3 Ds of Miami Beach

Your article about the sad condition of Miami Beach [Dec. 19] is 1000% true. It should have been entitled the 3 Ds of Miami Beach: Decaying, Decadent and Decrepit.

Warren P. Sherwood
Miami Beach

I remember Miami Beach in her heyday: imperious desk clerks who treated guests like refugees, breathtaking prices, arrogant waiters and cold food à la "take it or leave it." I left it.

F.L. Guillamore
Fort Kent, Me.

Not as a drumbeater but as a simple resident many years younger than the 68-year-olds you mention, I consider your story unfair.

Come and visit. You'll like it.

Edward Carrera
Miami Beach

TIME describes the Fontainebleau as "a semicircular rococo monument . . . little esthetic sense." Fontainebleau was built by Ben Novack, a man of great vision who deliberately created a fantasyland designed to lift the general public from its humdrum existence and provide a memorable two-week vacation. I sincerely believe the Fontainebleau to be as esthetic as Disney World.

Harold Gardner, Vice President
Marketing, Hotel Fontainebleau
Miami Beach

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME/JAN. 16, 1978

Now, Back to Face the Music

A host of issues confront a President who has yet to get his job in focus

From the scabrous slums of New Delhi to the gilded grandeur of Versailles, Jimmy Carter absorbed a hefty chunk of the world in his grinding nine-day tour of seven countries. It was a trip compounded of princes and paupers, of weighty talk and lighthearted banter, of solemn ceremony and hilarious, sometimes embarrassing slip-ups. The down-to-earth couple from Plains greeted the New Year by joining the royal couple of Iran in the fairyland setting of the Shah's palace, amid a whirl of dancing, conviviality and caviar. Then last week it was back to the burdens of reality in the White House, where accumulating problems are closing in on the President. During the campaign, Carter said that he wanted to be tested to the utmost. In 1978 he will get his wish.

Perhaps the biggest challenge of all for Carter is how to manage the presidency and exercise power. For much of his first year in office, his Administration has remained strangely out of focus, suggesting that Carter may not be sure what he wants to do. The powerful interest groups that make up the Democratic Party are urging him to be a big-spending, activist President, yet the country is growing more conservative and resentful of interference from Washington. To escape this dilemma would require transcendental leadership of a kind that Carter has not yet demonstrated.

Some of the problems confronting him are old and only partially under his control; others are more of his own making. In a free system, no President can control the $2 trillion U.S. economy, but it can be guided and nudged. To date, Carter has been inconsistent on a number of issues; his on-again, off-again proposals for tax rebates and "reform," for example, have eroded business confidence. Both the Panama Canal treaty and the SALT talks have inched fitfully along under previous Administrations; Carter has pushed them hard but has sometimes acted prematurely, failing to soften up opponents in Congress—or the Kremlin.

The major issues confronting the President as he enters his second year:

The Economy With unemployment high, the dollar low and the stock market in distress, the economy will be Carter's sternest trial and the main focus of his policies this year. The $25 billion tax cut that he will propose this month is designed to revive business confidence, spark more spending on plant and equipment and head off a slowdown in growth that many economists expect late in 1978. Meanwhile, inflation shows signs of moving up again, fueled partly by measures that Carter either initiated or supported, including higher farm price supports and a steeper minimum wage.


RODDEY E. MIMS

Carter welcomed by Miss Lillian on return to White House
Back to the burdens of reality in the White House.

The Budget Trying to control inflation, the President on Jan. 23 will offer a relatively austere budget for fiscal 1979. He is expected to ask for slightly less than $500 billion, a 2% increase over the current year once allowance has been made for inflation. Only $10 billion will be available for new or expanded social programs. But there is scarcely enough money for such ambitious programs as welfare reform, national health insurance and a new urban policy; all of these have had to be postponed, perhaps into the distant future. The 1979 deficit is forecast at $60 billion, the same as this year, making it extremely tough for Carter to attain his promised goal of a balanced budget by 1981.

Defense The President will request that defense spending rise from $117 billion to $126 billion, a 2% increase in real dollars. Speaking to NATO chiefs in Brussels last week, he promised to lift U.S. troop strength in Europe by 8,000 men, not cut it as he had said he would previously. Arguments will rise over his proposals for a reduction in construction of naval warships from 19 to 15, the cutback in the purchase of F-14 fighters from 36 to 24 and the slowdown in the development of the mobile M-X missile, the most destructive American ICBM yet to be designed. At least in part, the missile is being delayed until the outcome of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Though not significant from a military point of view, Carter's recommendation to close down some 50 military bases around the country should set off a storm of protest.

Energy The President's comprehensive energy program, his main legislative initiative, remains as uncertain as ever. The House-Senate conference committee, still deadlocked on the key issues of natural-gas prices and oil taxes, gets back to business next week. But members report little sense of urgency about energy in their districts. The White House fears that if a bill does not pass by mid-March, it may get lost in the shuffle of other legislation and the pressures of election year and not get through at all. Sooner or later, Congress is going to have to pass an energy conservation and development bill; the later it is, the more severe and coercive it will be. A bill now would remove the doubts of business about what to expect on energy policy. Says Energy Secretary James Schlesinger: "The economy could be far more robust if energy legislation were on the books. Uncertainty is the problem."

Panama Canal The sharpest foreign policy battle with Congress in early 1978 will be the Panama Canal treaty. With considerable resolve and ingenuity, the Republican right has mounted a nationwide mail campaign—based largely on emotion and nostalgia—against the pact, and

Presidents of the U.S. and France explore D-day's Omaha Beach in Normandy in symbolic recognition of continuing military interdependence

has intimidated many Senators. Though Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker implied last week that he would support it, the fate of the treaty is in doubt.

SALT II If Carter manages to win the canal treaty, he will have more momentum to carry the SALT talks to success. Negotiations with the Soviets resume in Geneva this week, and the two superpowers remain at loggerheads over restrictions on the U.S. Cruise missile and the Soviet Backfire bomber. The State Department does not expect a treaty to be initialed much before summer, and then it will be scrutinized by Senators who fear that the U.S. has made too many concessions.

In all, Carter's problem has been to assert his leadership when it counts. Having tried to do too much too fast, he has ended up accomplishing too little. He failed to concentrate on a few key issues such as energy and the Panama Canal treaty, and thus dissipated much of his influence. He did not build the necessary crucial bridges to Capitol Hill; nor did he have the experienced staff to help. He often seemed to bog down in detail and yet to slight the routine requirements of the job, such as sometimes twisting congressional arms. He has not demonstrated quite the same ardor in the presidency that he did in the campaign.

Leadership, consistency, wise timing —these are qualities that characterize great Presidents in time of trial. They are also the characteristics that Carter must display if he is to succeed in his time of testing in 1978. ■

Jimmy's Journey: Mostly Pluses

Despite gaffes, he cemented ties with India and soothed Sadat

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BRACK—BLACK STAR

At grave of American killed in 1944 invasion
Quiet interlude in a hectic journey.

Inevitably, it is the glitches that will be remembered. The fumbles in Warsaw by two interpreters who seemed unable to convert Jimmy Carter's English into accurate Polish. The live TV mike in New Delhi that enabled pool reporters to hear the President undiplomatically instructing Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to send a "cold and very blunt" note to Indian Prime Minister Morarji Desai about his nuclear policy. The dinner in the same capital dominated by a singleminded flycatcher who hovered behind Carter until —*swat!*—he nailed his prey and plucked it daintily from the linen. The Secret Service walkie-talkie conversations that somehow got broadcast over a microphone in the Casino de Paris in the midst of rehearsals by topless cancan dancers. All in all, said the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, Carter has "proved that he can do with words what Gerald Ford used to do with his forehead against door sills."*

Up to a point, Carter was virtually inviting that kind of criticism with a trip that had no clearcut goals and was grievously overloaded (seven nations, three continents and 18,500 miles, all in the space of nine days). Yet even as Air Force One returned the President and his wife

*In Texas, the Austin *American-Statesman* offered a variation on that theme. "Oh well," said an editorial, "one thing Carter doesn't have to worry about —he's too short to hit his head on helicopter doorframes."

to Andrews Air Force Base at week's end, the gaffes were beginning to fall into proper perspective. Amused Poles were now laughing at the translation goof that seemed to have Carter saying that their desires for the future were carnal. Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell indicated a relaxed White House attitude with the crack that Carter "only lusts after Poles in his heart." Similarly, Carter's unwittingly public criticism of Desai for refusing to accept U.S. conditions on the purchase of uranium did not offend the Indian leader. Oddly enough, the episode proved a political plus for both men: it showed Desai's countrymen that he had not bowed to the U.S. President, and it also demonstrated to Americans that Carter means business in his efforts to control nuclear proliferation. The fly incident led the Boston *Herald American* to praise "India's intrepid Sultan of Swat, the fly chaser who refused to give up even when Jimmy Carter and Morarji Desai got in his way." As for the Secret Service's not-so-secret conversations, agents explained that they happened to be using the same frequency as the Casino de Paris' stage sound system and, besides, no hush-hush security measures are ever broadcast via walkie-talkies.

LEDRU—SYGMA

On inauguration-like stroll down Champs-Elysées

If the Carter trip fell far short of the public relations triumph that the President and his aides had hoped for, it nonetheless produced some benefits. To many Poles, the fact that a U.S. President could be barraged publicly in Warsaw by blunt questions from American reporters was an eye-opener in that regimented nation. Even more surprising, the government-controlled TV broadcast a tape of Carter's unprecedented 30-minute press conference *in toto*. On the Middle East, Carter had created an unnecessary problem for himself on the eve of his trip by seeming to endorse the Israeli position on Palestine in a chat with TV reporters. But his visits with the Shah of Iran, Jordan's King Hussein, Saudi Arabia's King Khalid and Crown Prince Fahd and, most significantly, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, seemed to set the peace negotiations back on their precarious course.

In New Delhi, despite disagreement over nuclear policies, he gave impetus to the growing friendliness in relations between India and the U.S. In Paris, with parliamentary elections coming in March, he did a little stumping for a grateful President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and squeezed in a meeting with Giscard's chief rival, Socialist Leader François Mitterrand, in the bargain.

For the Carters, last week began in Tehran, where Rosalynn fulfilled a wish expressed to her husband several weeks ago. With whom would she like to celebrate the new year, the President asked. Said Rosalynn: "The Shah of Iran and Empress Farah"—a surprising reply for a populist First Lady. With 1978 properly rung in at Tehran's Niavaran Palace, the odyssey continued as Air Force One and its two sister 707 jets, jammed with 166 paying press passengers, headed for New Delhi.

The India visit started badly. Carter's planners had hoped to attract something like the capacity audience Dwight Eisenhower addressed in 1959 at the Ram Lila Grounds, a 19-acre ceremonial area that can hold some 275,000 people. But Desai does not follow the crowd-collecting tactics of his predecessors, who trucked spectators in from miles around and paid them small fees to attend. Only 50,000 showed up—all voluntarily—and Carter's flat delivery and uninspired message drew mostly a bored silence.

The President recovered brilliantly in the circular, British-built Parliament House, where he stuck to a carefully crafted text that drew eloquent comparisons between the struggles for full democracy in the U.S. and India. Members of Parliament broke the chamber's silence 23 times with desk-thumping, foot-stamping applause.

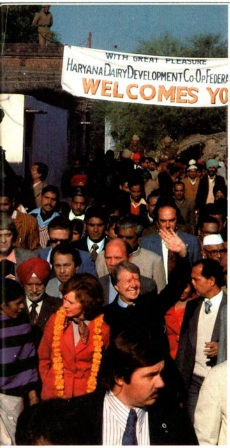
Both India and the U.S. have discovered, Carter said, that "human needs are inseparable from human rights—that while civil and political liberties are good in themselves, they are much more useful and much more meaningful in the lives of people to whom physical survival is not a matter of daily anxiety."

Carter moved from India's fight against poverty to U.S. racial problems.

KIGHTLINGER—THE WHITE HOUSE

Toasting the New Year in Tehran: Carters with Empress, Shah (right), Jordan's King Hussein

An overloaded journey that was not a public relations bit but produced some benefits.



Presidential party overwhelms Indian village

"When I was growing up on a farm in the state of Georgia, in the heart of the southern United States, an invisible wall of racial segregation stood between me and my black playmates. It seemed then as if that wall between us would exist forever." With his audience hushed, Carter continued: "But it did not stand forever. It crumbled and fell. And though the rubble has not yet been completely removed, it no longer separates us from one another, blighting the lives of those on both sides of it." That breakthrough came, Carter said, largely because Martin Luther King Jr., "a spiritual son of Mahatma Gandhi," had taken "Gandhi's concepts of nonviolence and truth-force—and put them to work in the American South."

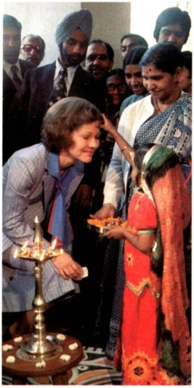
At the insistence of Desai, who wanted to show that his government cares deeply about raising rural living standards, Carter and his wife visited the village of Daulatpur (pop. 1,907), about 15 miles south of New Delhi. It had temporarily been renamed Carter-Poori (Carter-Place) in the American's honor. After receiving the Hindu religious tilak mark on their foreheads, the Carters met villagers. A woman of 80, squatting against a white courtyard wall, did not stir as the President was introduced to her. Carter lightly held her hand. "You see now how they live," said Desai. "I see," said Carter. "I understand."

For the most part, Carter and Desai got along well as they discussed international economics, relations with the U.S.S.R. and superpower rivalries in the Indian Ocean. One impressed Indian official said of the talks that Carter "went through 75 minutes, without notes, and he showed a total command of all the problems he raised." The one disagreement was over Carter's insistence that India must be ready to comply with a law that Congress is expected to pass requiring on-site inspection of any nuclear materials the U.S. sells to other nations. Desai just as adamantly insisted that as a matter of "self-respect" India cannot accept such inspection—at least until the U.S. and U.S.S.R. start reducing their own nuclear stockpiles. Carter agreed to sell India the heavy water and uranium that it needs for its nuclear reactors. Whether a sharp letter from Secretary of State Vance will follow is now uncertain because of the overheard remark. Asked what he would do if he received such a letter, Desai said diplomatically, "I would not regard it as cold or blunt."

India's refusal to accept U.S.-dictat-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BRACK—BLACK STAR

With India's Prime Minister Desai after accepting Hindu tilak on forehead



Rosalynn receiving same mark from Indian girl

From Gandhi to Martin Luther King.

ed safeguards on nuclear materials to prevent their being used in the production of weapons contrasted with Iran's attitude. In Tehran the week before, the Shah agreed to accept such controls, and Carter in turn approved Iran's request to buy up to eight American nuclear reactors. If the sale did not seem to square with Carter's nonproliferation policy, the White House could argue that, to the contrary, it gave the U.S. new leverage in applying safeguards.

When the Carter party flew into Riyadh, the prime topic of discussion was the impending resumption of talks between Egypt and Israel at the Prime Minister level. The Saudi Arabian King and Crown Prince remained unwilling to join the peacemaking process until more progress was made on the general principles of any settlement. When the talks turned to energy, the Saudis apparently hinted that they could not hold the current line on oil prices unless something was done to check the sliding foreign value of the U.S. dollar. Their position gave further incentive for dramatic action in Washington to do just that.

Rosalynn did not join her husband for dinner with Khalid and Fahd because women in Saudi Arabia are excluded from affairs of state; she was the guest instead at a dinner given by Queen Sitta. The President, surrounded by hosts wearing kaffiyehs and burnooses, dined on fish and barbecued lamb in the Prince's palace as

BRACK—BLACK STAR

Greeting sheiks in the King's reception room in Riyadh's Royal Guest Palace and meeting Saudi Arabia's King Khalid in lavish setting

No immediate movement by moderate Arabs, but certain steps to maintain the momentum in Middle East peace negotiations.

Bedouin warriors armed with rifles and curved daggers stood guard.

The next stop was Egypt's Aswan, site of the huge Soviet-built dam that stands as a reminder of the late 1950s and '60s, when Moscow and Cairo were on friendly terms. U.S. officials insisted that this stopover was announced at the last minute because Carter's visit with Hussein had not been confirmed and the President wanted the Jordanian's views before seeing Sadat again. The visit, these officials added unconvincingly, only incidentally involved the fact that Sadat was concerned about Carter's pre-trip press conference statement.

To all outward appearances, Carter and Sadat got along chummily, exchanging jokes and embraces with enthusiasm. Their meeting took place in a rundown airport-terminal building, spruced up with new rugs and posh furniture. Also on hand to greet Carter was West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who was visiting Sadat. After a ten-minute meeting with Carter, Schmidt discreetly withdrew; less discreet were West German officials in Bonn who unreasonably complained about the failure of Carter to spend more time with the Chancellor.

When Carter and Sadat emerged from their 45-minute private talk, they were smiling broadly once again, and Sadat announced happily that "we have agreed on certain steps to keep the momentum in the peace process." He did not say what those steps were. Carter's own comments were designed to be ambiguous enough to bridge the current Egypt-Israeli stances on Palestine and provide negotiating room. As soon as he was aloft again en route to Paris, Carter telephoned Israel Premier Menachem Begin to report encouragingly on his conversation with Sadat.

The rest of the trip was almost wholly ceremonial. After the obligatory stop in Paris at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Carter did an abbreviated replay of last January's Pennsylvania Avenue walkathon. He strolled several blocks down the Champs-Elysées with President Giscard, even worrying his Secret Service protectors by striding into curbside crowds. The next day he helicoptered to Normandy and walked along Omaha Beach—site of some of D-day's heaviest fighting—and laid a wreath at the American military cemetery where 9,386 casualties of that epic assault are buried.

DIRCK HALSTED

Reunited with Egypt's Sadat at Aswan

The ambiguity left room for maneuver.

The two heads of state next plunged into a friendly crowd jamming a square in the small town of Bayeux, where Carter grasped outreached hands in U.S. campaign style. They then boarded a train for the three-hour return trip to Paris through the serene winter countryside, riding in a railroad car decorated by Mme. Pompidou for Queen Elizabeth's 1974 visit. The Carters and Giscard consumed a seven-course meal with three wines while on the rails. Shortly after their arrival in Paris, they were obliged to consume an-

SCHUMACHER—THE WHITE HOUSE

Phoning Israel's Begin from Air Force One

other sumptuous meal, this one four courses with three wines, served in the dazzling Grand Trianon, a 17th century château at Versailles. To the chagrin of traditionalists, dress for the affair was neither white tie nor black tie but—*hélas!*—dark suits. Carter, it seems, did not want to pack formal wear for the trip, so many of the 130 dinner guests and the 5,000 guests invited to a reception afterward had to put their tuxedos back in mothballs.

If the dress was informal, the rest of the scene was decidedly elegant. The Carters strolled wide-eyed through the Palace of Versailles, including Marie Antoi-

nette's bedroom. They were so absorbed that they arrived late for the reception. Said *Le Monde* of the mob scene: "The Hall of Mirrors has not known such a brawl since revolutionary days." Sighed Carter next morning: "I think yesterday was one of the best days of my life."

But there was little time to enjoy the euphoria. Having given Giscard a significant electoral boost, Carter tried to balance accounts a bit by meeting Mitterrand too. He used the occasion to warn the Socialist leader that the U.S. would not look kindly upon any move by Mitterrand to bring the Communists into greater power in France. Carter also irritated Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac, who is mayor of Paris. Pleading a lack of time, the President failed to call at city hall. Even Leonid Brezhnev, Chirac huffily noted, had squeezed in a visit.

During a seven-hour dash through Brussels, Carter visited Belgium's King Baudouin and paid the first personal call ever by a U.S. President at the European Commission, which directs the activities of the Common Market. There he and Commission President Roy Jenkins reaffirmed mutual intentions to avoid any protectionist war between the U.S. and the Common Market. The dollar's recent instability and common energy problems also were discussed, as was the need to maintain the dialogue between developed and developing nations. Carter's final stop was at NATO headquarters, where he tried to ease fears that the U.S. might bargain away European defense interests in a SALT pact with the Soviet Union.

Heading home over the Atlantic, a tired and tieless Carter answered questions from pool reporters as Rosalynn sat on the cabin floor, leaning her head against her husband's leg—and dozing off as he answered questions. Carter frankly admitted that "the trip was symbolic." He thought he had "put forward the image of a nation that is strong and secure and self-confident, but which doesn't have to prove its strength by taking advantage of other nations that are not as strong or as secure as we are."

In a sense, the trip might have been more important in terms of Jimmy Carter's on-the-job education than in terms of concrete accomplishments. Reported TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud: "Carter cannot help being changed by his experiences abroad. He has seen the poverty of India, the grimness of Poland, the civilized beauty of France. Conversations with the likes of Prime Minister Desai of India and President Giscard of France will enhance his sophistication in foreign affairs. People were interested in Carter, seemed to like him and respect him. He did not excite them or move them. Yet he seemed to leave every country with a better feeling about him and the U.S. than it had when he arrived."

And now, back to work—until spring, when Carter wings off again, this time to Venezuela, Brazil and Nigeria for Part II of this serialized odyssey. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

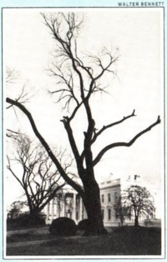
Death of an Aged Monarch

While the French were cheering Jimmy Carter along the Champs-Elysées the other day, a quiet tragedy was occurring on the front lawn of the White House. One of the monarchs of the grounds was put to death section by section.

An American elm tree, probably more than 100 years old and planted in the days of Rutherford B. Hayes, was hopelessly infected with Dutch elm disease. It was not the first of the elder giants to succumb, and it is not likely to be the last. But this tree—No. 75 on a White House landscape plan—was special.

It was half way up the curving northwest driveway. On winter nights its 105-ft.-tall crown framed the floodlighted White House portico, its graceful branches seeming to cradle the mansion. In summer it rustled softly and spread soothing shade across the lawn. Old 75's trunk was 8 ft. thick at the base. It was the most solid citizen of the front acres. Teddy Roosevelt's children played around it. Mourners leaned on it when they brought John Kennedy's body back to the White House. The television journalists knew a friend when they saw one: John Chancellor, Dan Rather, Frank Reynolds, Tom Brokaw—all established outdoor studios beneath the kindly arms of this seasoned *Ulmus americana*. The evening news will look different.

WALTER BENNETT



Dying elm just before being cut down

The most solid citizen.

The gardeners will plant another elm. But it may be only 1½ in. at the trunk and 10 ft. high. It may take another 20 Presidents before the new elm is substantial enough to calm the mortals below with a gentle wave of its long fingers.

As the chain saws snarled and the great logs were carted off to Virginia for disposal, passers-by on Pennsylvania Avenue paused to watch and wonder. Trees have been an integral part of American commerce, folklore and culture. Especially elm trees. William Penn signed his treaty with the Indians in 1682 under an elm that was already 295 years old. The Boston Liberty Tree of 1770 was an elm. George Washington took command of the Continental troops under the Cambridge elm on July 3, 1775. Settlers hauled elms west and south and north, lining their streets and filling their parks with them.

Before the Dutch elm disease struck in 1930, there were 77 million elms in U.S. cities and towns. Now there are 34 million and the disease has spread to 41 states. The Federal Government will spend about $4 million to seek a cure and control the disease this year. How feeble that is. We pay about $6 million a year for special limousine and airplane service for Washington's Government bigwigs. The Dutch elm disease has denuded whole communities, devastated suburbs, cost billions in neighborhood devaluation and incalculable aesthetic loss that some experts say has markedly altered home environments. Maybe there is a message in the White House front yard, which is everybody's front yard.

Old 75 is the eighth big White House elm to succumb to Dutch elm disease. Gardener Irvin Williams and his scouts sighted the telltale wilt in its leaves two years ago. They cut off some of the branches, but by last spring there were more signs of distress. Williams and his men gave the tree injections in a last bid to save its life. By September, however, it was plain there was no hope. Williams sadly ordered Old 75's destruction to try to save the remaining 26 elms on the White House grounds.

But even as last rites were being given to Old 75 last week, there was a note of cheer and hope. Just a few paces up the drive was a thriving young elm about 6 in. thick and 15 ft. tall, planted on Arbor Day in 1975 by Betty Ford. That tree is a seedling of the oldest resident tree on the White House grounds—the John Quincy Adams elm, which presides over the south lawn. The older tree has not only resisted the Dutch elm disease, but since 1826 has survived every storm and is still siring offspring by the dozen. With a little luck it will not be long before Tom Brokaw's grandson can stand under the protective arms of the younger John Quincy Adams elm and explain what President Amy Carter is doing along the Champs-Elysées.

Trouble in Las Vegas East

Fear of the mob delays casino gambling in Atlantic City

The seagulls have Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk almost to themselves these days. Icy winds and frigid surf have driven away the taffy sellers, the carny barkers, even the sideshow girl who turns into a gorilla before the very eyes of anyone with the 75¢ price of admission to the Million Dollar Pier. But in hotels along Pacific Avenue, restaurants on Atlantic Avenue and offices along North Carolina Avenue, there is heated talk

THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN

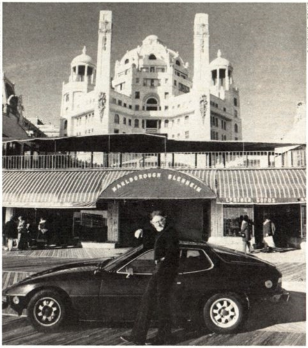
Mafia Don Angelo Bruno

about options, leases and multimillion-dollar deals—life imitating a Monopoly game. Almost all of the conversations center on the question: When will the first gambling casino open and begin spinning out better days for the fading dowager queen of seaside resorts?

Since New Jersey's voters approved casino gambling for Atlantic City in November 1976, investors have announced plans for 21 casinos, including one in a marina for yachtsmen passing by on the Intracoastal Waterway. Resorts International, which operates two gambling palaces in the Bahamas, has invested $10 million to buy and refurbish the 1,001-room Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel, installing roulette wheels, craps tables and a high-priced French restaurant. Bally Manufacturing Corp., a Chicago slot-machine maker, has leased the fabled Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel for $850,000 a year from Reese Palley, a wealthy jeweler and art dealer, and Lawyer Martin Blatt. *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione intends to build a $50 million casino-hotel, possibly on the site of the bedraggled Mayflower Hotel. *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner is looking for a partner in a planned $69 million casino-hotel on Florida Avenue.

Despite expectations that the boom will begin this spring, however, the first casino probably will not be in operation until the fall, and no more than half a dozen may be in operation by the mid-1980s. Even though the casino-hotels will give a powerful economic boost to a deteriorating city that has lost 18,000 residents since 1960 (current population: 41,000) and has a 17.6% unemployment rate, state officials are moving with extreme care in issuing licenses. The object: to keep out organized crime, which is heavily involved in gambling elsewhere.

That could prove impossible. Soldiers from the crime family led by Philadelphia



LITTLE—CAMERA 5

Reese Palley in front of the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel

Talk of multimillion-dollar deals: life imitating a Monopoly game.

Mafia Boss Angelo Bruno have long controlled Atlantic City's narcotics, prostitution, loan-sharking and illegal-gambling rackets. Lately, Mafiosi from northern New Jersey, New York City and even Chicago have been buying pizzerias, restaurants, discothèques and other nightspots in Atlantic City. Often they use front men with clean records, producing what Joseph Rodriguez, chairman of the New Jersey State Commission of Investigation, describes as a "mysterious movement of cash and checks through a strange mix of bank accounts and people."

One Domenico Adamita, for example, told the commission that he had borrowed $350,000 to buy Casanova's Disco. Where did the money come from? Adamita's less than satisfactory reply: from a man who kept his money stashed in a bag hidden in his basement. In fact, investigators believe that two cousins of the late New York crime boss Carlo Gambino, one of them a longtime friend of Adamita's, put up the funds.

Among the few hoods to operate in the open was Mobster Michael ("Mustache Mike") Contino of Providence. He offered to become the business partner of Stewart Siegel, who is setting up a school to train dealers and croupiers for the casinos. Contino promised financial help, as well as his services in negotiating a favorable labor contract. Siegel decided that it was an offer he could refuse.

Much of the mob activity involves unions. Hotel and restaurant employees

LYNN PELHAM

Muscleman Anthony Provenzano

are being recruited by Teamsters locals from Philadelphia and northern New Jersey with the blessing of Mafia Muscleman Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, who operates out of semiretirement in Hallandale, Fla. The Association of Public and Private Labor Employees, known as Apple and run by New York Mafiosi, has been organizing employees of Atlantic City's private detective and guard services. A Cincinnati union with ties to Chicago Mafia Boss Anthony ("Big Tuna") Accardo has been signing up bartenders. Warns Atlantic County Prosecutor Richard Williams about the mob-dominated unions: "They can control who works. It's a source of tremendous unchecked power that, in a town like this, can control the government."

There has been some pushing and shoving among the rival Mafiosi but no shooting or open warfare so far. Some law-enforcement officials expect the top Mafia dons in the U.S. to designate the resort an open city, meaning that any member of the criminal brotherhood or its underworld allies can seek a piece of the action, as is the case in Las Vegas. The Mafia is already tolerating a group of Cuban hoodlums, the Malagamba gang from northern New Jersey, which has gained a foothold in Atlantic City's illicit market for cocaine, marijuana and hookers.

Can New Jersey stop the hoodlum onslaught? Probably not. Concedes Michael

Siavage, executive director of the State Commission of Investigation: "Nobody's claiming that we can eliminate organized crime." But the New Jersey Casino Control Commission is trying to keep the casinos as free of underworld links as possible. Applicants for a casino license are required to fill out an 83-page form, spelling out their personal backgrounds, business history and sources of financing. Then they must go through investigations lasting six to nine months. Only one application, from Resorts International, has been received thus far. The commission is also drawing up stringent regulations for casino operations, including an accounting system designed to prevent anyone from skimming off profits to evade taxes.

Many investors can ill afford these months of preparation and waiting. Resorts International has laid off 600 employees, 75% of its work force at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel. Some investors may be unable to keep up interest payments on their loans unless gambling gets under way soon. Lenders may withhold additional loans until the first casino—probably Resorts International's entry—has been in operation for at least six months. "And by that time," complains one investor, "Miami may have casinos." Not to mention New York's Catskills and Pennsylvania's Poconos.

Thus pressure is growing for the New Jersey Casino Control Commission to move faster, before any investors go bust, or turn to mob moneylenders. The danger, of course, is that a combination of greed and need will overcome caution and good intentions, making it easier for the underworld to penetrate legal gambling in Atlantic City. ■

Americana

Socio-Feedback

Get married. Attend church. Join the Elks or even a Jacuzzi club. Whatever, so long as you keep in touch. Such behavior may be the best prescription for long and healthy life, according to research by Epidemiologist Lisa Berkman of the University of California at Berkeley. Studying the lives of 7,000 people between the ages of 30 and 69 over a nine-year period, she found that extraverts are more likely to live longer than introverts, who tend to be overweight, smoke, shun exercise and drink too much. While outgoing types are inclined to stay in better physical shape, Berkman concluded that their gregariousness, for unknown reasons, has much to do with the fact that they are more resistant to heart and circulatory diseases, cancer and strokes and less inclined to suicide. Which brings to mind Spinoza's observation, "Man is a social animal." And Psychologist James J. Lynch's new book, *The Broken Heart: The Medical Consequences of Loneliness.*

More Women at Arms?

Women have been part of the U.S. Army since 1942, when the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was formed. No longer a mere auxiliary, the Women's Army Corps today numbers 46,000, and there are 170 women in training to become officers at West Point. Now the Army is studying the whole role of women in uniform and trying to decide whether to add more of them. A 133-page special study released by the Pentagon last week concluded that yes, as many as 6,000 more women could be added—an important point in light of projections that the all-volunteer army may have trouble filling its ranks in the years ahead. The nine-month study examined the roles performed by company-size support units (but not actual combat outfits) within the Army. It found that 35% of the personnel in signal, military police, medical, maintenance and transportation units

could be women without significantly affecting military efficiency. At the moment, women make up only about 5% of such units.

The study also discovered that when it comes to evaluations, the battle of the sexes is as ferocious as ever. Male officers and enlisted men rated their own performance considerably higher than that of the women, while women rated their own performance slightly higher than that of the men.

Space Spectacular

Many astronauts say that the most spectacular sight they have seen in space is their own planet, a fertile blue ball glowing in a black void. Apollo 9 Astronaut Russell Schweickart has a somewhat different view. In an interview in *Co-Evolution Quarterly*, a magazine devoted to ecology, Schweickart says, among other things, that perhaps the most beautiful sight in space is a urine dump. A urine dump? It seems that when orbiting astronauts release into space their voided urine, the liquid instantly freezes into millions of tiny ice crystals, which form a hemisphere and spray out in all directions from the exit nozzle. The same thing would happen to ordinary water, but none is ever dumped; it is all recycled through the spacecraft. "The most beautiful sight in orbit, or one of the most beautiful sights, is a urine dump at sunset," says Schweickart. "It's really spectacular." Well, as the French say, one man's meat is another man's *poisson.*

Beaten by the Clock

Poor Nancy and Gregory Huber can't seem to get it right. Nearly 18 hours into New Year's Day 1977 they produced their first child, Stephanie Jean, in the Penobscot Valley Hospital in Lincoln, Me. Having taken up residence in Brattleboro, Vt., the couple staged a repeat performance last week: 7-lb. 11-oz. Shaun came into the world at 1:43 a.m. on Jan. 1, Vermont's first baby of '78. This unlikely event gave Stephanie an unusual birthday present and her parents some local celebrity.

But the Hubers have paid a price. Federal income tax laws permit a full $750 deduction for any child born before midnight on Dec. 31. Both Huber babies arrived ahead of schedule—but not quite far enough ahead. Beaten by the clock two years running, the Hubers have now lost $1,500 in tax deductions.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TIME BY SANDY HUFFAKER

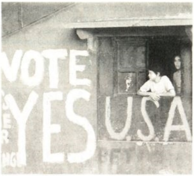
Wind Shifts in the Pacific

America's neglected South Sea empire struggles for change

To most Americans, the South Sea islands far beyond Hawaii are no more than idyllic images. To Washington, they are an extraterritorial headache. The U.S. has responsibility for more than 2,200 of them, sweeping in a 4,000-mile arc from American Samoa to Guam, with a 2,000-mile lurch northward to include the naval battleground of Midway. Many were the sites of bitter, bloody victories in World War II: Saipan, Tinian, Kwajalein, Truk.

The problem, in this anticolonial age, is what to do with them and the 260,000 people living on them. For decades the U.S. has had no real policy toward most of its oceanic charges, and few officials have felt the need for one. Now that situation is changing.

President Carter has taken a personal interest in the vast U.S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, which is made up of 2,141 Micronesian islands spread over an area as large as the U.S. itself. He has declared that the 115,000 people of the area, administered by Washington as a "strategic trust," should have the right of self-determination. Talks toward that end between U.S. officials and island representatives have been going on for six years, but now the full prestige of the Oval Office is behind them. Reflecting Carter's concern, his son Jeff and daughter-in-law Annette visited the islands last week. They attended the inauguration of Peter Tali Coleman, first native-elected Governor of American Samoa, then flew to Saipan, the trust territory capital, where Carlos Camacho will be sworn in this week as the first native-elected Governor of the Northern Marianas.



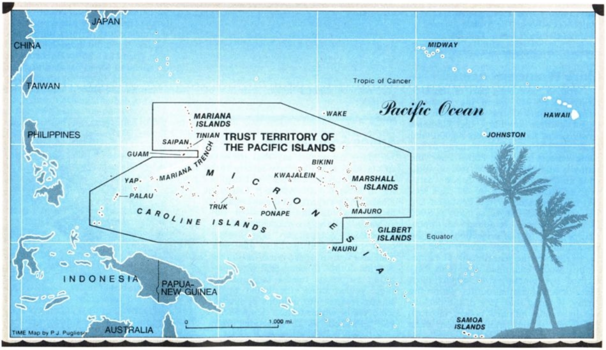
Saipan graffiti urge commonwealth with U.S.

Close links, but more local control.

The Micronesian trust territory is made up of the Marshall, the Caroline and the Mariana islands, except for Guam *(see map)*. Those islands were handed over to Japan by the League of Nations in 1919 and held until Japan's defeat in World War II. In 1947, the United Nations transferred them to U.S. stewardship under an agreement that will expire in 1981. Carter insists that a change of status be negotiated by then with the trust territory islands. His Administration is willing to consider a range of options, from free association with the U.S., to commonwealth status, to independence. In 1975, the Northern Mariana Islands voted to leave the territory and become a U.S. commonwealth. They will achieve that status this week, retaining U.S. protection and many benefits but adding a far larger measure of self-government.

Carter's interest stands in contrast to U.S. attitudes during most of the 31 years of American trusteeship. From 1947 to 1960, the U.S. neglected Micronesia almost entirely. Then, stung by a strongly critical U.N. report, Washington began pouring in money, mostly for education and social welfare. To date, the U.S. has invested more than $250 million in the islands, spawning a huge bureaucracy.

Checkbook administration, however, has torn apart the subsistence economy



Tropical sunset explodes over the Caroline island of Palau, where residents want to negotiate their own new status

An environment of distorted development and some despair, and six-year talks of Rube Goldberg complexity with American officials.

of the territory and contributed to an environment of distorted development and social despair. Indeed, most of the same problems afflict the South Pacific islands held by the U.S. independent of any U.N. sanction. These include:

► Guam (pop. 100,000), a 209-sq.-mi. island 1,500 miles north of New Guinea, taken as a prize of the Spanish-American War. It has a nonvoting representative in Congress.

► American Samoa (pop. 31,000), a cluster of seven islands 2,200 miles southwest of Hawaii, annexed by the U.S. after an 1899 treaty with Britain and Germany divided influence over all the Samoas. American Samoa has no formal representation in Washington.

► Other sparsely populated American military installations flung widely across the Pacific, notably Midway (pop. 2,300), Johnston (pop. 1,000) and Wake (pop. 1,600), claimed outright by the U.S. at the turn of the century.

Farming, once a basic livelihood, has virtually disappeared from all the American-held islands. Indigenous private enterprise is almost nonexistent: there are no local entrepreneurs, for example, exploiting the lush timberlands of some of the Carolines. Unemployment runs at 13% in the trust territory, 9% on Guam, 15% on American Samoa.

Federal misspending is partly to blame. U.S. aid to American Samoa goes to, among other places, an academic high school that does not teach enough skills useful on the island. Of its 600 graduates a year, 400 leave the island to find jobs. As a result, more American Samoans live in Honolulu and Los Angeles than in the South Pacific. Micronesia's annual suicide rate is 20 per 100,000 people, nearly double that of the U.S.

One of the most abrasive issues between the islands and Washington is sea law. The trust territory wants to license tuna fishing in its waters and adopt a 200-mile limit. The U.S. argues that tuna are migratory and can be caught without restrictions anywhere. That is good for California tuna men and for the Japanese, who sweep 40,000 tons of tuna annually from Micronesian waters. But the islanders lament that they are losing millions of dollars in licensing fees.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. J. RYAN AND SMOLAN—CONTACT

American Samoa Governor Coleman at party

Special envoys from Carter.

A change in political status would help the islanders stand on their own feet, and in 1972 Washington began talks with the Micronesians toward that goal. In 1976 both sides initialed a draft compact calling for a "free association" in which the islands would gain much independence and the U.S. would oversee their defense and foreign relations. Then everything fell apart because individual island groups, proud of their separate identities, wanted to strike individual deals with the U.S. The 26,000 residents of the Marshalls voted in a referendum to negotiate separately from the territory as a whole for a change in status. Now the island of Palau (pop. 13,000) wants to do the same.

"The whole idea of Micronesian unity was invented and fostered by the U.S.," explains Peter Rosenblatt, President Carter's representative at the talks. "We take every opportunity that we can to foster the idea, but the Marshallese and Palauan leaders will not accept it."

The negotiations have become affairs of Rube Goldberg complexity. Washington now talks to territorial representatives (including ones from the Marshalls and Palau) as if they were still a united entity. At the same table, U.S. officials negotiate with the two dissident groups as if their separate-but-equal bargaining status were achieved. What all the Micronesians agree upon is that they want to remain associated with the U.S. but gain greater control over their own local governments. More independence, more discriminating federal subsidy, is long overdue in beautiful but troubled Micronesia. Given Jimmy Carter's determination, both may arrive soon.

Bustle and decay: Panoramic view of Agana, capital of American territory of Guam; tottering *fale*, native house on Palau

Paradise with Rough Edges

Welcome to dropouts, bureaucrats and bone pickers

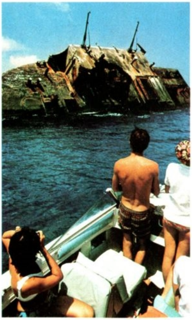
To get the flavor of America's far-flung Pacific territories, TIME *Correspondent David DeVoss island-hopped for 2½ weeks. His impressions:*

"Ladies and gentlemen," the intercom crackles, "out of the left side of the cabin are the remains of the Japanese Imperial Fleet." Banking sharply into the sunset, the Air Micronesia 727 circles the Truk lagoon. Coral reefs color the water in pastels of orange, yellow and green, interspersed with the darker shapes of sunken hulls. "It was on Feb. 16, 1944, that we spotted 'em," the voice continues enthusiastically. "Our fighters dive-bombed all day, and next morning when they finished mopping up, more than 60 ships were on the bottom." Only after a second turn around the exposed mast of the aircraft transport freighter *Fujikawa Maru* does the plane begin its descent.

Air Micronesia—"Air Mike," as it is known locally—is the pony express of the Pacific. Three times each week the airline's two jets, both coated with Teflon to fight the corrosive effects of salty coral runways, hop among Micronesia's six island airports on Truk, Kwajalein, Yap, Ponape, Majuro and Palau. It is a measure of the region's isolation—the flights range up to 1,451 miles nonstop—that no plane travels without a mechanic and spare parts. Says Captain Lee Minors, 43, who prepped for atoll landings on the flight deck of the U.S.S. *Hornet* in the 1950s: "This is the last place in the world where flying is fun. No fancy strobe lights or air controllers out here. Just dots that shimmer toward you through the void."

Most of the dots, and all of the void, are of vital concern to the U.S. military. Unless they have specific clearance, Air Mike passengers are barred from leaving the plane during refueling stops on Johnston, a storage dump for poisonous gas; nobody gets off at Kwajalein, a target for missiles test-fired from California. Says Commander David Burt, Navy liaison to the trust territory government: "The fact that they're smack dab in the middle of the ocean makes all these islands important."

They also have a flavor of 19th century colonialism. On Kwajalein, 500 natives often perform jobs of equal status with those of the 3,000 Americans, but are forbidden access to the golf course, swimming pool, free movies and subsidized food available to the outsiders. For security reasons, only Americans can live on the island. Every night the natives must commute by boat three miles to Ebeye, a slum island where 7,000 people are segregated on just 73 acres.



Japanese tourists inspect wartime wreckage

Growing misty-eyed in old bunkers.

In addition to controlling Kwajalein, Johnston, Midway and Wake islands, the military has reserved substantial acreage in Palau and the Marianas. The highest naval profile is on Guam, where two-thirds of the island—including the best beach, the only lake and the one patch of tillable soil—remains off limits to the population save for 8,800 U.S. servicemen and Pentagon civilian employees.

America's day begins on Guam at 6 a.m. when the large McDonald's (328 seats, parking for 105 cars) begins serving Egg McMuffins. By 9 o'clock the five-story Ben Franklin department store is vying for the local shopping dollar. TV sitcoms, complete with commercials, start at 10 a.m. Guam's main road, Marine Drive, is a snarled jam of rust-eviscerated autos, and buses packed with Japanese honeymooners.

With a $38 million budget deficit, high unemployment and 25,000 of its people on food stamps, Guam has plenty of problems. Elected following a campaign stressing "77 years of [U.S.] neglect," Guam Governor Ricardo Bordallo blames Washington for all the difficulties. "You'd be shocked at the number of sophisticates who know nothing about the Pacific," he sighs. "On my first trip to Washington, one Congressman asked me what was the citizenship of the Guamanian people. When I tried to cash a Government of Guam check, one bank manager demanded the address of my embassy."

Many of Guam's regulations reflect U.S. domestic politics more than common sense. The Environmental Protection Agency orders power stations to use low-sulfur oil even though the island is washed by a brisk 10 m.p.h. trade wind

that blows away pollution. The Jones Act requires that all commodities shipped between U.S. ports be carried on U.S. vessels. The former rule adds $10 million to Guam's annual fuel bill; the latter has made the island's economy vulnerable to longshoremen's disputes that take place thousands of miles away. "We're always at the mercy of a small group of lobbyists," complains Joseph Ada, 33, speaker of Guam's unicameral legislature. "We have no leverage when we bargain with the U.S."

Guamanians hope that their leverage will increase dramatically as a result of a new tax code that has been passed by the island's legislature. Federal law allows U.S. territories to keep tax revenues paid by residents. Guam's code would extend "residency" status to any persons or companies wanting it, regardless of where they reside or do business. Those who file Guamian returns would be rewarded with a 75% tax rebate. Says Senator Edward Calvo, the tax code's author: "Once the multinationals hear about this, our budget worries are over." Well, not really. Federal lawyers are sure to challenge the great Guamian tax caper.

Of all the U.S. islands in the Pacific, Ponape, located in the Carolines, comes closest to perfection. Its people are gentle; the jungle is unscarred. Eight years ago, Bob Arthur, an industrial designer who developed the electric carving knife, sold his house in Laguna Beach, Calif., and began looking for a better way of life. Today his Village Hotel reflects the fantasy of every '60s dropout. Papaya, mango, avocado and coconut trees grow dense and wild around the hotel's thatched bungalows, each of which has a wrap-around view of the lagoon. Every evening Arthur, his wife Patti and their four children munch breadfruit chips; dinner is a choice between fresh tuna and turtle steak. Says Arthur: "The minute I crossed the reef I knew I'd found paradise."

In Ponape, paradise has rough edges.

Sunbather at site of Saipan Marine battle

"It's sort of a welfare state."

There are no paved roads, despite 30 years of U.S. administration. Electricity comes in irregular spurts. There is no long distance telephone service. The people seldom pay their bills. Once proficient fishermen, the islanders of Ponape and, indeed, of the rest of Micronesia rarely put to sea any more, preferring to collect a range of federal social benefits. (Though its waters are among the world's richest tuna grounds, Micronesia imports more than $1 million worth of canned fish annually.) Says Ponape District Attorney Minor Pounds, a native Texan: "If we're going to have a Western society, some of our Western standards will have to start rubbing off on the common man."

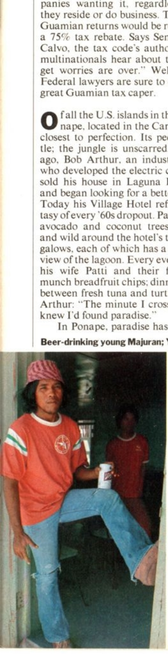
One of Micronesia's most stalwart fighters against social erosion is Father Hugh F. Costigan. A former New York police department chaplain, Costigan directs the Ponape agriculture and trade school, an isolated 200-acre experimental farm reachable only by boat. Assisted by a volunteer staff of 40, the cigar-chomping Jesuit offers 155 Micronesians courses in construction, mechanics, horticulture and animal husbandry. When not in class, teachers work on such projects as manufacturing coconut soap and designing miniature diesel tractors and other small farming equipment. Says Costigan: "The most gratifying reward after 30 years in Micronesia is seeing my school kids now in positions of authority and accomplishment as governors, administrators, teachers, farmers and tradesmen."

On Saipan, more than 400 years of foreign stewardship—by the U.S., Japan, Germany and Spain—have left their ecological mark. Giant African snails brought in by the Japanese as wartime survival food now ooze all over the island. America's legacy is *tangantangan*, a spindly ground cover planted after the war to prevent erosion. Saipan's soil was saved, but, alas, it seldom is visible since the *tangantangan* has voraciously rooted throughout the island.

About the only things on Saipan as intractable as *tangantangan* are some of the symbols of modern U.S. civilization. Large supermarkets offer a wide variety of frozen goods. Many homes are air conditioned; so are most of the cars that whiz at alarming rates along the asphalt roads. Cinder block typhoon houses are neatly arranged, as is the golf course, which could be in the U.S. were it not for the crudely lettered sign outside the clubhouse door reading DO NOT GET ON THIS ROOF TO GET MANGOS.

Of all the Pacific islands, none have adopted the American system of government as Saipan has. Bureaucrats constitute 50% of the work force. The new

Beer-drinking young Majuran; Yapese working at religious center; high school graduates on Saipan; Ponapean woman grating tapioca



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commonwealth government has budgeted \$700,000 for a bicameral legislature to serve a population of only 14,000.

The Marianas, to which Saipan belongs, have 12% of the trust territory's population, but receive 32% of the territorial income. The Marianas also eagerly accept all kinds of federal aid, including free medical care and bulk food grants of commodities like wheat. "It's sort of a welfare state," says silvery Erwin Canham, the Marianas' resident commissioner and a former editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who will return to the U.S. later this month. "If I tried to eliminate the free surplus commodities, I'd have a lynch mob down here."

A few Saipanese worry about their top-heavy bureaucracy, but it has not discouraged all initiative—at least on the part of incoming Japanese. They have asked for permission to raise eels and harvest seaweed around Saipan. A more grandiose scheme calls for coffee, rice and frogs to be raised on Tinian, just south of Saipan. Farther away, on Palau, Japanese investors plan to build a \$325 million supertanker port if they get permission from local chiefs.

The Marianas offer a honeymoon resort and war shrine. Thirty thousand Japanese soldiers died on Saipan, and every year Japan Air Lines sends "bone-picker charters" to the island. They bring hundreds of cash customers who thwack through the *tangantangan* in search of ancestral skeletons—though any human bones will do. These are then burned to release the spirits of the dead, while the living grow nostalgically misty-eyed on tours of old bunkers. Says one local bureaucrat with profound seriousness: "The only problem I can foresee for the Marianas is running out of bones. We are aware of the shortage, and one of our men in resources development is looking for realistic substitutes."

P.J. RYAN

Americans at Majuro yacht club indulging in a favorite pastime

In a converted garage, cheap beer, good jazz, a Pacific view.

There are about 150 Americans on Majuro (pop. 7,500), and it is difficult for them not to stick together. The district center of the Marshall Islands is a bacillus-shaped coral atoll less than 100 yds. wide. A palm-fringed island with a glistening lagoon, Majuro shelters the most unusual mix of American expatriates in the Pacific. The island's biggest contractor is a Portuguese Hawaiian. A Massachusetts Jew manages the copra-processing plant. They are a demonstrative lot. When Majuro's American Chamber of Commerce got no satisfaction at a meeting to protest air-freight rate increases, members pelted the two Air Mike representatives with banana cream pies.

Every evening Majuro's Americans gather at the yacht club. It is a reunion of sorts, since many breakfasted together at the Kozy Korner diner. The yacht club is a converted garage decorated with reef charts and Japanese fishing floats. From either side of the club one can hit the Pacific with an ice cube.

"If a person gets an ulcer here, it's because of his diet and drinking, not worry," says Ben Barry, 48, who has lived on Majuro since 1969. "This is an alcoholic's paradise. Where else can you get Black Label for 80¢ and listen to good jazz while you drink it?"

American Samoa's rural villages are clean and dotted with palm-frond *fales* (houses), instead of the jumble of cinder block and clapboard houses commonly found in Micronesia. The magnificent Pago Pago harbor that initially attracted the U.S. Navy in 1900 is no longer pristine, but two busy canneries make the trade-off acceptable.

Blessed with an average monthly temperature of 80°, fertile soil and rich offshore fishing, American Samoa is nearly idyllic. That is fortunate, since the U.S.'s 78-year administration of Samoa is a story of embarrassing ineptitude. Despite an annual rainfall of more than 200 in., the main island of Tutuila periodically experiences water shortages, since no reservoirs were ever built. Historically, Pago Pago has been a sinking-ground for the faithful of U.S. political parties. During one 18-month span in the mid-'50s, American Samoa had four Governors. Says outgoing Governor H. Rex Lee, once a U.S. Federal Communications Commissioner: "Most of the guys who've held this job were political cast-offs who shouldn't have been dog catchers."

Political incompetence has not hindered the flow of money. Today the U.S. spends more than \$42 million annually on American Samoa's 29,000 residents. "The current budget is a waste of money," says Lee. "The money kills incentive." The appropriated sums do not always accomplish the desired goals. The Federal Government spends \$981 per pupil for American Samoan children, but local community colleges are not accredited by any mainland or Hawaiian university.

American Samoa has more than its share of boondoggles. One man got a \$24,000 salary to administer a \$26,000 federal vocational-education grant. A \$600,000 road—built to Pago's mountaintop television transmitter last year by military engineers brought in from Hawaii—lasted one week before being washed away. An additional \$500,000 of federal money has been appropriated for a proposed bridge between two outer islands, even though it will serve no more than seven cars a day.

Election of Peter Coleman, 67, in November as Governor of American Samoa was a victory for the more progressive forces of the Pacific; of all the candidates, only Coleman was not a tribal chief. With over a decade's administrative experience in the trust territory, including service as assistant high commissioner, he truly is a Pacific man.

He has a refreshing sense of informality; at his election victory party he was the first to hit the dance floor with a modified version of the Frug. At the same party, another celebrator somberly raised one of the great challenges Coleman faces. Wondered Chief Tomoto Pele: "This election proves we're all Americans, but who is Samoan?"

The Governor has grand economic plans. In shallow bays like the one near his house he wants to raise oysters that could be turned into stew at local canneries. He intends to open offices in Honolulu and Los Angeles to lure Samoans back home. With a larger labor force, he believes, textiles could be imported and stamped with Polynesian designs. Says Coleman, watching an inner tube sway beneath the limb of a breadfruit tree: "There never will be big fortunes made in the Pacific. But we can build agriculture." Then he adds: "Western civilization, with the stress on the individual, doesn't work on islands, where the community comes first. If people are competitive, you can't exist in a close system. We people are born on small islands in the Pacific, not large land masses. If we are to survive, we must hang together." ■

INDOCHINA

When Communists Collide

Viet Nam and Cambodia clash in a far from fraternal border conflict

Fighting raged once again in Indochina last week, and troops surged into Cambodia's Parrot's Beak region, where American forces in 1970 had made their highly controversial incursion. This time, however, the foes were two Communist nations that had survived and triumphed over U.S. might. Viet Nam and Cambodia (which now calls itself Democratic Kampuchea) challenged each other not only with deadly gunfire but with blasts of bitter propaganda, while their sponsoring powers, the Soviet Union and China, watched uneasily from the sidelines.

By week's end, Vietnamese spearheads had penetrated some 65 miles into Cambodia along Route 1 only 36 miles from the capital of Phnom-Penh. Supporting them were elements of eight Vietnamese divisions, armed with captured American tanks, armored personnel carriers and artillery. Neither side disclosed its casualties.

The propaganda war was just as intense. Phnom-Penh accused its neighbors in Viet Nam of destroying Cambodian rubber plantations, burning forests, seizing cattle and poultry, even "raping and killing our women in crueler manner than the Thieu-Ky and South Korean mercenary troops of the past." Hanoi charged that Cambodia's Khmer Rouge guerrillas had made incursions into Viet Nam and had looted and sacked its pagodas, schools and hospitals. Far worse, it accused the guerrillas of "raping, tearing fetuses from mothers' wombs, disemboweling adults and burning children alive." Were it not for the fact that thousands of helpless people have been killed or made homeless as a result of the fighting, the spectacle of a pair of rabidly Communist countries tearing at each other's throats, while professing the ideals of brotherhood, would have been called ludicrous.

The rivalry between Cambodia and Viet Nam started centuries ago, fueled by religious differences and by economic competition over the Mekong River basin, and has never ceased. Common cause against the South Viet Nam regime and the U.S. merely dampened mutual hatreds; even in the midst of war, there were incidents between them. In 1973 the Khmer Rouge attacked North Vietnamese who were maintaining a wartime supply line through the Parrot's Beak, where Cambodian territory protrudes into Viet Nam. The Cambodians suspected—justifiably, as it turned out—that the Vietnamese were holding Chinese arms meant for Khmer Rouge fighters.

When the war ended, the old antagonisms flamed again. The Khmer Rouge, xenophobic and oppressive to an extreme that embarrasses Big Brother China, started a reign of terror at home and abroad. Cambodians were driven from Phnom-Penh to the countryside; thousands, including Communists, were purged and killed, and thousands more fled the country. Obsessed with their long hatred of a powerful neighbor, the Cambodians forced Viet Nam to withdraw from the Parrot's Beak. The Khmer Rouge, meanwhile, also occupied several disputed islands in the Gulf of Siam, forcing Vietnamese to leave. After that, relations between the two neighbors disintegrated into a series of border raids punctuated by ineffectual attempts to negotiate their differences.

After Communist Chairman Pol Pot became Premier of Democratic Kampuchea in 1976, his forces stepped up their assaults along the border. The Vietnamese retaliated with air and artillery strikes. Four months ago, the defiant Khmer Rouge launched their most ferocious attack yet, killing at least 1,000 villagers in a series of raids.

Thousands of civilians had to be evacuated from Viet Nam border settlements to safer places. One of the evacuees was Nguyen Him Oanh, 26, who decided to keep on moving and finally escaped to Bangkok. "We had to give up our cloth and spice shop and move along the road east," she reported. "Then we had to dig bunkers and bomb shelters. Every day I saw Vietnamese soldiers going toward the border in trucks, with tanks and artillery. Just before I escaped, I saw the bodies of 20 Khmer Rouge laid out along the road. Our soldiers put them there as a display, to show us that they were killing Cambodians."

General Vo Nguyen Giap in dress uniform; soldiers in 1970 guard border village along Giap's attack route

GATE—GAMMA/LIAISON

UPI

It was this episode that finally prompted Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong to go all out in retaliation. No less a military leader than Defense Minister Vo Nguyen Giap, hero against the French at Dienbienphu and scourge of the Americans during the Viet Nam War, took charge of the campaign. Characteristically, Giap planned slowly; he devoted a full two months to studying the terrain and the situation.

Last month he called on his soldiers to "firmly defend our independence, sovereignty and territory, including our frontiers, offshore islands, waters, continental shelf and air space"—and sent 60,000 troops into the Parrot's Beak. This was the largest force that Viet Nam had put into the field since the two-week battle for Xuan Loc in April 1975, which sealed the doom of Saigon.

U.S. infantrymen moving through Parrot's Beak clearing, 1970
The scourge of the Americans was traveling the same highway.

In the Parrot's Beak, Giap's troops were traveling in the area where American forces had invaded Cambodia to cut Viet Cong supply lines from the north. Route 1, the highway that Giap's soldiers used for their forays into Cambodia, was the same road along which Richard Nixon had sent U.S. troops in the eight-week U.S. invasion. It was also the route that the battle-tough North Vietnamese 9th Division, one of the units deployed last week, had traveled to enter Saigon in 1975.

This time the opposition was not even as strong as that offered by the faltering South Vietnamese army in 1975. From Chau Phu on the Vietnamese side of the border, Giap's artillery pumped shells into Cambodian territory to disperse the Khmer Rouge. Then Giap's troops rolled across under air support from captured American A-37 twin jets.

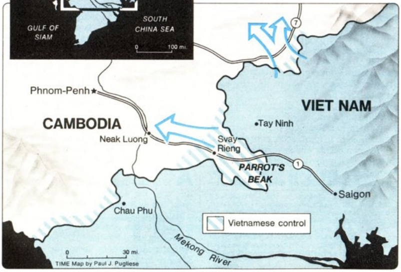
The Khmer Rouge in the Beak, consisting of about 25,000 troops fighting in small groups, mounted occasional ambushes but were no match for the overpowering Vietnamese. Last week Giap's advance units, bypassing towns, finally halted near Neak Luong on the banks of the Mekong River. Though fighting continued sporadically, Hanoi offered to negotiate and restore diplomatic relations, which Phnom-Penh had broken off as the new year began. Refusing the offer, the Cambodians instead angrily accused Moscow of providing troop commanders and advisers for the Vietnamese invasion. At week's end Phnom-Penh admitted that the Vietnamese had penetrated Cambodia but claimed that they had been driven back.

The Vietnamese seemed unlikely to move on to the Cambodian capital. Such a move could possibly invite the reluctant intervention of the Communist superpowers. Moscow has supported North Viet Nam since the earliest days of the war with the South, aiding Hanoi with loans for food and economic development. Peking, too, has given economic aid to Hanoi, if only to maintain a competitive position there with Moscow. At the same time, China, despite its distaste for Pol Pot's more-Marxist-than-thou zealotry, has continued to support Cambodia, where the Soviet Union has no leverage.

A full-scale Vietnamese invasion would also destroy the new, peaceful image that Hanoi has begun to project. To win friends and secure reconstruction credits, the Vietnamese have made friendly overtures to Communist and non-Communist nations alike. Economic missions have been dispatched to Jakarta and Singapore. A proposed air route between Bangkok and Hong Kong that involved Vietnamese air space was speedily approved in Hanoi even though relations with Thailand had been frosty. Meanwhile, although Hanoi's friendship with Peking is equally cool, Vietnamese Party Secretary General Le Duan recently visited the Chinese capital and came home with $300 million in aid. Le Duan, China watchers believe, also asked Peking to curb Pol Pot's government. If the Chinese tried to do so, they evidently failed.

Last week the Soviet Union and China, which fear each other's drive for ascendancy in Southeast Asia, refrained from taking sides publicly. Using a familiar technique, however, the Soviet press extensively quoted foreign reports favorable to Hanoi or damaging to Phnom-Penh—and by extension, to Peking. The Chinese, more restrained, declared only that they hoped the situation could be resolved by negotiation. Unhappy over their inability to contain Cambodian intransigence and intent on preserving their tenuous relationship with Hanoi, Chinese leaders evenhandedly publicized reports from both sides in the conflict.

The confrontation was particularly difficult for Peking, which has feared just such a challenge ever since the end of the Viet Nam War. Once, Peking could win friends by accusing major capitalist powers—first the French, then the U.S.—of manipulating the colonial states of Indochina. Now the only villains are its fellow Communists. ■



World

MIDDLE EAST

Sadat's Confidence Restored

The next step is a "declaration of principles"

UPI

REININGER—CONTACT

The Carters chat with the Sadats at Egypt's Aswan airport; Menachem Begin answers a reporter's question at press conference in Israel

A statement ambiguous enough so that each can accept it but positive enough to form the basis for serious negotiations.

Only a week earlier, a distressed Anwar Sadat had told journalists that he was disappointed and embarrassed by Jimmy Carter's comments rejecting the concept of a Palestinian state on the West Bank of the Jordan River and the Gaza Strip. But after a 45-minute talk last week in Egypt's southern town of Aswan, the Egyptian and American Presidents once more proclaimed themselves in agreement. Sadat went so far as to say their views were "identical."

Well, almost. No mention was made of a Palestinian state, and Carter avoided using the term self-determination, which Israelis fear would inevitably lead to the formation of a Soviet-supported state headed by Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat. But Carter spoke of the "legitimate rights of the Palestinian people," including the right "to participate in the determination of their own future"—and that was good enough for Sadat. Said one elated Egyptian official: "Our press already is interpreting Carter's statement as self-determination. The Israelis probably will interpret it differently. But if we can agree on that statement, it will serve a purpose very much like Resolution 242*—ambiguous enough so that each can accept it on his own terms but positive enough to form the basis for serious negotiations." Menachem Begin, whom Carter telephoned from Air Force One to report on his Aswan talks, still maintained that his government favored "full autonomy," not self-determination, for the Palestinians. But a high Israeli official said privately of the Carter-Sadat statement: "We can live with it."

*That resolution, adopted by the U.N. Security Council in 1967, in effect acknowledges Israel's right to exist. It also includes such phrases as "secure and recognized borders" (which the Arabs take to mean that Israel must withdraw from the occupied territories) and "refugee problem" (which, to Israel, means that the Palestinian problem should be solved by resettlement rather than by creation of a political state).

On his way back to Washington at week's end, Carter sought to take a somewhat more detached position on the whole question of a Palestinian state than he had expressed a week earlier. His own "preference" was unchanged, he said, but the President added that if Israel and the Arabs should agree to such a state (which at this stage Israel would not do), the U.S. "would not object."

The Carter-Sadat statement at Aswan could form the basis for that much-pursued but elusive "declaration of principles" that Sadat and Begin tried to formulate at their Christmas summit in Ismailia. If the Egyptian and Israeli Foreign Ministers, who are scheduled to meet next week in Jerusalem, can agree on a declaration of some substance, Sadat will once again be able to invite the other Arab states to join the talks. If they still refuse to participate, Sadat may consider himself free to go ahead and make a deal with the Israelis on Sinai. He would call it not a separate peace but a step toward a comprehensive agreement.

A joint declaration calling for Palestinian self-determination would open the way for Jordan's King Hussein to enter the negotiations. Hussein met twice with Carter over the New Year's weekend in Tehran. Though he was opposed to joining the talks now, the King spoke optimistically about bringing even the Syrians into the talks once the Israelis had agreed to the principle of withdrawal from the occupied territories. Ideally, the King would like to see the West Bank rejoined to his kingdom in the form of a federation of Palestinian and Jordanian states under his Hashemite crown. But since he does not want to arouse the ire of radical Arabs by seeming to covet the West Bank against the will of the Palestinians, Hussein proposes a plebiscite for the West Bank and Gaza under U.N. auspices.

In Riyadh, Saudi Arabian King Khalid and other officials welcomed Carter warmly. In private, however, they were fairly obdurate—partly because of a split in the royal family over the Sadat peace initiative. The Foreign Minister, Prince Saud, was furious that the Egyptian President did not consult the Saudis before making his famous trip to Jerusalem in November, and opposes any overt show of support for Sadat now. On the other hand, Prince Abdullah, commander of the National Guard, is sympathetic to Sadat. So is Kamal Adham, the King's top security adviser. Crown Prince Fahd, who is First Deputy Premier and in effect the head of government, leans toward Sadat, but has remained uncommitted.

The Saudis told Carter that if Israel offered self-determination to the Palestinians, Saudi Arabia would use considerable influence to bring Syria, Jordan and the moderate Palestinians into the talks. If the Saudis were to give Sadat strong support without first receiving such assurances, the House of Saud would become a prime target of Arab radicals.

Implicit in the discussions was one basic fact of modern oil diplomacy: the U.S. vitally needs Riyadh's continued cooperation. To help the U.S. meet its future energy needs, Washington has urged the Saudis to increase their productive capacity from 11.6 million bbl. per day to 16 million bbl. by the early 1980s. The Saudis can thus exert pres-

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EASTERN

THE WINGS OF MAN

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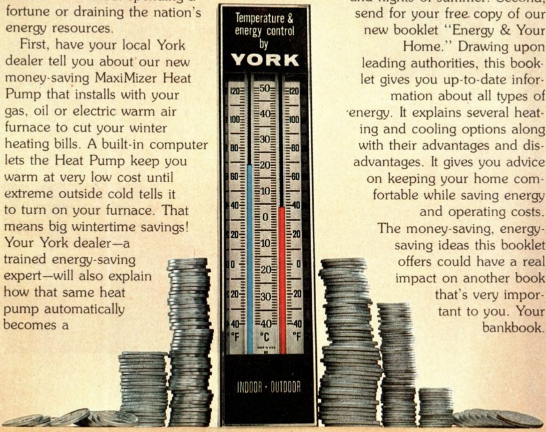

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At the Israeli-Egyptian Defense Ministers' meeting in Cairo next week, the two sides will continue to work on a formula for a Sinai agreement. In exchange for the right to retain their settlements and military installations in Sinai, the Israelis have already offered the Egyptians an equivalent amount of territory in Israel's Negev desert.

Such concessions have cost Begin some support among right-wing Israelis. Last week one of his closest friends and aides, Shmuel Katz, resigned, fearing the negotiations were leading to a "sellout of Israel's basic interests." The outspoken and often abrasive Katz, who has been serving as Begin's information adviser, was also miffed because Begin had not supported him for a Cabinet appointment. Said he: "I no longer have a common language with the Prime Minister."

At the Foreign Ministers' meeting, to be attended also by U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, the Egyptians hope to persuade Begin's government to accept the principle of Palestinian self-determination by 1) offering an extended deadline toward achieving it—"Like maybe saying there could be self-determination after Begin dies," says one Egyptian, and 2) agreeing to demilitarization of the West Bank, thereby assuring Israel that its security will not be threatened.

Israel is understandably uneasy about the prospect of having a radical Palestinian state next door, considering the violence for which some Palestinian groups have shown a penchant. Last week those fears were once again reinforced. In London, the P.L.O.'s representative, Said Hammami, was shot dead by an unknown assailant. Only four days earlier, a short distance away, two passengers in a Syrian embassy car had been killed by a bomb. Hammami was known as a moderate who in the past had been savagely criticized by radicals for refusing to demand the liquidation of Israel. Fortnight ago, there were reports from Beirut that Palestinian extremists were plotting a new wave of terrorism; last week's murders in London presumably marked the beginning of that campaign. ■

CHILE

The Junta Wins In a Landslide

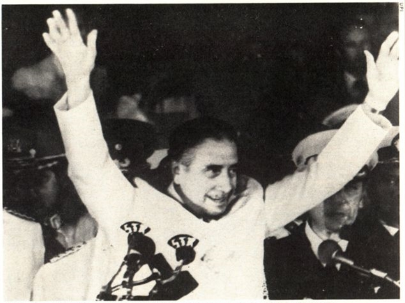
Anti-U.N. election strengthens the military

At dusk in downtown Santiago last week, cheering throngs gathered outside the Diego Portales building to celebrate the lopsided 75% vote in favor of Chile's ruling military junta in a hastily called referendum. A euphoric President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte termed the results "magnificent," and pledged, without noticeably dampening the mood of his supporters, that "there will be no more elections for ten years."

That was hardly what Chileans had voted for. Before last week's national "consultation," as the balloting was described in Chile, Pinochet had insisted that the vote had "nothing to do with internal politics." Instead, he claimed, it was a chance for Chile to send a message to the nation's international critics. Pinochet had ordered the referendum in December after passage of a U.N. General Assembly resolution that condemned Chilean authorities for "torture, disappearance of persons for political reasons, arbitrary arrest, [and] detention."

Pinochet derided the U.N. resolution as a "wicked pact," and claimed that Chile was a "victim of a base alliance of the great powers." He announced that Chileans would be asked to mark ballots yes or no in response to the following statement: "In the face of the international aggression unleashed against the government of our country, I support President Pinochet in his defense of the dignity of Chile, and reaffirm the legitimacy of the government of the Republic to lead sovereignly the process of institutionalization of the country."

The referendum was opposed by the Catholic Church and some junta members. Eduardo Frei Montalva, the Christian Democrat who was President from 1964 to 1970, broke a long silence to fight



Jubilant President Augusto Pinochet waves to supporters at post-election rally

A magnificent turnout meant that there would be no more elections for ten years.

the referendum. He charged that the plebiscite was an attempt to confuse patriotism with support for the government, and refused to vote.

In fact, many Chileans, including some of the military regime's opponents, felt that the U.N. resolution unfairly discriminated against Chile. The junta had dissolved its feared National Intelligence Directorate last year, claiming that its replacement, the National Information Center, was denied the power to make arrests. But recent human rights reports, including one by the Geneva-based International Commission of Jurists, have noted that political detentions and unexplained disappearances of citizens continue in Chile.

Undoubtedly, Pinochet's strong hand has been strengthened by the plebiscite, much to the disappointment of the left and centrist opposition, which has been pressing for elections. There has been speculation that Pinochet irritated even his fellow junta members by courting personal political popularity (he frequently doffed his military uniform for a business suit while campaigning for the referendum). His triumph last week had its ugly aspects: after the election, bands of rightist youths chanted insults outside the homes of Christian Democratic Party Leaders Frei and Andrés Zaldivar, and Zaldivar's home was stoned. More chilling perhaps were Pinochet's attacks on civilian politicians and his disdain for democratic reforms. Borrowing a military metaphor, he told a cheering Santiago crowd: "Now we have placed the artillery. This battle, which had been a withdrawal, has been transformed into a battle of annihilation." In his gloating victory statement, he addressed his civilian critics: "To them I say, politicians, it's all over for you. Today Chile is different." ■

World

INDIA

Rebels' Rally

Indira turns a rift into a chasm

When Jimmy Carter visited New Delhi on New Year's Day, India's most celebrated political leader was conspicuously absent from the receiving line of dignitaries. In a characteristically flamboyant maneuver to steal the presidential show, Indira Gandhi appeared across town to harangue 5,000 people assembled under a vast, multicolored tent. Ostensibly, the meeting was a convention of India's Congress Party. In fact, it was a gathering of party rebels reinforced by a motley crew of men hired to provide applause for the discredited former Prime Minister.

Dressed in a blazing red sari, Mrs. Gandhi sat cross-legged on the dais while she was unanimously elected president of the breakaway group, which calls itself the legitimate Congress Party. In her 45-minute speech, she attacked the policies of Morarji Desai, who had succeeded her as Prime Minister after her humiliating defeat in last March's election. She also told her supporters that they should be "prepared to go to the jails and fill them in large numbers"—a prospect that was likely to become as unpopular with politicians as her mass sterilization program had proved to be with voters.

Indeed, not one other political figure of national stature showed up for the breakaway convention in Delhi. Instead, party regulars denounced Mrs. Gandhi's election as preposterous, complaining that her group had illegally appropriated the name of the rightful Congress Party. In swift retaliation, nine members of the party executive committee expelled Mrs. Gandhi from the party that she had dominated for over a decade. Declared one committee member, Priya Ranjan Das Munshi: "The cancer is out, and we are not carrying the burden of Mrs. Gandhi any more." In reply, Mrs. Gandhi expelled Munshi and the entire executive committee from *her* Congress Party.

BALDEV—SYGMA

Indira Gandhi with supporters in New Delhi
Prepared to fill the jails in large numbers.

As rift turned into unbridgeable chasm among the Congress leadership last week, many Indians were accusing Mrs. Gandhi of ruthlessly sacrificing the party that had ruled India uninterruptedly from 1947 to 1977. The immediate beneficiaries of Congress's quarrel were Prime Minister Desai and his Janata Party, which had overwhelmingly profited in the March elections from Mrs. Gandhi's soaring unpopularity. Most observers believed that Congress would gradually regain much of its former strength after it scuttled Mrs. Gandhi and renounced her dictatorial ways. But as the February elections approach in four states traditionally ruled by Congress, the party is in disarray. Pro- and anti-Indira factions are fighting over the right to use Congress's cow-and-calf emblem on the ballot—a crucial issue in a nation with 64% illiteracy. Now, in a plague-on-both-your-houses mood, a significant number of Congress Party regulars may cast their votes for Janata's man-with-a-plow emblem—a symbol for millions of the Desai government's restoration of civil rights in India.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gandhi continues to face a full-scale investigation by a government-appointed panel. This week she must respond to a subpoena from the commission headed by former Supreme Court Justice J.C. Shah. For the past four months the commission has heard testimony implicating Mrs. Gandhi and her high-rolling son Sanjay in crimes ranging from improper seizure of dictatorial powers and persecution of their opponents to the uprooting of 700,000 hapless citizens of New Delhi in a beautification campaign. Tearful witnesses testified that police entered their houses and beat up women and children in their zeal to vacate and bulldoze 105,000 homes.

Mrs. Gandhi argues that the Shah commission is carrying on a political vendetta. Clearly, her clumsy efforts to reenter the political arena last week were mainly designed to reinforce that claim. Her attorneys have advised her to challenge the commission's authority to investigate her as a political leader, in the hope of gaining time for their beleaguered client. Ultimately, however, her repudiation at the polls may be followed by public exposure and disgrace. ■

CAGATAY—GAMMA

Turkey's Premier Bülent Ecevit

TURKEY

Pas de Deux

Dance of the Premiers

Rivalry for Turkey's prime-ministership has become an ongoing *pas de deux*. The dance began when Süleyman Demirel, leader of the conservative Justice Party, was named Premier in April 1975. Two years later, Bülent Ecevit, head of the liberal Republican People's Party, elbowed him offstage. But Demirel replaced him in July 1977. Last week Ecevit again succeeded an embittered Demirel, and their stately duet became a throbbing hustle.

Calling his ouster "the first step toward destroying Turkish democracy," Demirel charged that his loss of a parliamentary vote of confidence by ten votes resulted from "the biggest intrigue of Turkish political history." The defeat was made possible by the resignation from Demirel's Justice Party of 13 members. They were annoyed because Demirel had refused to dismiss a so-called Mafia of arrogant party officials. "A group of incompetent Deputies is always around Demirel; you can't eliminate them," sniffed former Public Works Minister Orhan Alp, explaining his defection. Other J.P. members were angry at Cabinet ministers affiliated with the National Salvation Party, minority members of Demirel's ruling coalition. "They are treating us like second-class citizens," complained one. The dissidents were emboldened to defect after Ecevit's party won 100 of 150 contested urban mayoral posts in local elections last December; counting rural areas, Demirel's coalition won 50.7% of the total vote, a fact that added to Demirel's bitterness after his parliamentary defeat.

Turkey's latest political crisis interrupted negotiations with officials of the International Monetary Fund, who were

seeking to help avert national bankruptcy —including a threatened cutoff of credit for petroleum shipments from Libya and Iraq; IMF officials tired of cooling their heels during the crisis and returned to the U.S. to await the organization of Ecevit's government. Currently, Turkey's inflation is 35%, and unemployment is a huge 20% of the labor force. The nation is also gripped by political terrorism involving extremists of both the left and the right —the latter thought to be encouraged by the ultrarightist Nationalist Action Party, which Demirel had been forced to include in his coalition.

Last week Ecevit said he contemplated no major foreign policy changes for Turkey, an important member of NATO, although he promised to give priority "to bringing about a final and viable solution" to Turkey's dispute with Greece over Cyprus. Ecevit submitted a list of 35 Cabinet ministers to President Fahri Korutürk and urged his party workers to avoid public victory celebrations, arguing that his immediate priority was building a national consensus. "We don't want tension," an R.P.P. spokesman said. Ecevit offered Cabinet posts to most of the J.P. defectors, but even counting their votes it appeared that the new Premier has only a two-vote majority in Parliament—a margin that seems to offer too little stability to spare Turkey yet another invitation to the dance. ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Critic in Exile

A silent man no longer

A government crackdown against political dissenters last October transformed South African Journalist Donald Woods into one of his country's silent men. In retaliation for his antigovernment editorials, Woods, 44, was "banned" for five years—which means that his movements were severely restricted, he was prohibited from returning to his job as editor of the *East London Daily Dispatch* and prevented from speaking with more than one person (except for family members) at a time. Government agents read his mail, bugged his home and phone, and kept him under general—if irregular —surveillance.

All that ended suddenly last week when Woods made a dramatic escape to the tiny, mountainous state of Lesotho. There he was reunited with his wife Wendy and their five children, who had driven from the family home in East London to meet him. After that came a tense, two-hour flight over South African territory to Botswana, then another to Zambia and on to London.

For at least a month, Woods told TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter in Lesotho, the reasons for going into exile had seemed more and more compelling. The government had won a strong new mandate from the country's white electorate. The inquest into the death of imprisoned Black Consciousness Leader Stephen Biko, who had been a close friend of the Woods family and whose death Woods had criticized and questioned, ended inconclusively—although it did show, as Woods had charged, that the circumstances of Biko's death were extremely suspicious. The Woods family had also been angered and alarmed by a malicious prank that hospitalized their daughter Mary, 6. The child had received in the mail a STEVE BIKO T shirt that had evidently been dipped in some kind of acid; when she tried the shirt on, her face and eyes were burned. Most of all, Woods had grown restless and despondent at the prospect of spending endless days "sitting around, moldering, playing golf and chess."

Journalist Woods, wife Wendy and their children preparing to leave Lesotho
The reasons for going into exile had seemed more and more compelling.

The actual decision to escape from South Africa was made during a conversation in the family's secluded garden, the only place where Woods and his wife felt they could talk freely. Even there, they deliberately stayed away from the trees lest the branches contain hidden microphones. Already Woods had sought the advice of a few friends, some of whom were political activists like himself. One told him: "Go. You're the best one among us to talk to the [overseas] press." Woods had an additional reason for seeking exile; he was hard at work, in violation of the banning order, on a book about Biko, and was anxious to get it finished.

On the Thursday evening before New Year's Eve, Woods' wife drove the family car to the outskirts of East London. On the floor in the back lay Woods, his silvery hair dyed black and his features concealed by a false mustache and thick glasses. When they were safely out of town, Woods jumped out and began a 185-mile hitchhike to a town near the Lesotho border. An accomplished mimic, he told one curious motorist that he was an Afrikaner. To another driver he explained that he was an Australian poet, and to a third a German engineer. "I fully expected," he admitted, "to find a roadblock beyond every turn." He crossed the border on foot, hiking twelve miles over thickly wooded terrain. After seeking help from three blacks, who told him, "Don't worry, we'll help you—you're one of us." Woods reached the rain-swollen Telle River and forded it to safety.

In the meantime, Wendy remained quietly in East London, fearful that the police might pay the family a visit at any time. Then, on the night after Donald left, she bundled her children into the car, telling friends that they were off on a brief coastal holiday. Instead, she drove straight to Lesotho without attracting the attention of police, crossed the border routinely and joined her husband in Maseru, the Lesotho capital.

Some observers speculate that the South African government might have deliberately allowed Woods to escape in order to free itself of a political nuisance. If so, this was an odd miscalculation, since the eloquent Woods aims to establish himself as a critic in exile. "Whenever [a government spokesman] pops up to sell South African soap abroad," he told McWhirter last week, "they'll have to deal with me on the same platform." Until recently, Woods added, "I had gone along with the belief that South African politics should be left to South Africa to sort out. But I am now convinced that these outrages are the responsibility of people everywhere."

Woods has no regret at having chosen exile. "Even if I had been released," he reflected, "I would always have felt that they had just lifted the blade an inch or two before they let it drop again." ■

World

HISTORICAL NOTES

Inside the *Götterdämmerung*

Goebbels' diaries: mad hope amid a collapsing Third Reich

Driven by a hunger for information about the once seldom-discussed days of the Third Reich, West Germans keep devouring books about their Nazi past. Latest object of their fascination is Joseph Goebbels, the fiery orator and master of the Big Lie who served for twelve years as the Nazi Minister of Propaganda. Almost as soon as excerpts from his 1945 diary were published late last year, they shot onto the West German bestseller lists.* Because Goebbels apparently intended to use this diary primarily as source material for a book, he never took the time to edit or rewrite his entries.

Cathedral in war-ravaged Cologne, 1945; inset (from left): Göring, Hitler and Goebbels

"What humiliations have we still to suffer before the moment of deliverance comes?"

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

WIDE WORLD

Thus, although they add few facts to what is already known about the period, the diaries, covering Feb. 27 through April 9, convey a sharp sense of immediacy and give West Germans an intimate glimpse of how one of the brutal regime's leaders viewed the Nazi *Götterdämmerung.*

With each day's entry, Goebbels dutifully records the latest evidence of the Reich's impending collapse. Cologne is "a great city which has been turned into a heap of ruins." Dessau "a sheet of flame and totally destroyed. Yet another German city which has been largely flattened." The air war has become "a crazy orgy. We are totally defenseless against it. The Reich will gradually be turned into a complete desert." After receiving word on March 19 that Würzburg has been bombed, Goebbels laments: "So the last beautiful German city still intact has now gone. Thus we say a melancholy farewell to a past which will never return." He observes that "the fate of the Reich sometimes seems to hang by a thread," and speculates darkly that the Allies will treat Germany "like a Negro colony in Africa."

Accounts that German civilians have welcomed the advancing Allies infuriate him. "I cannot understand the fact that hardly any resistance was offered in Cologne," he complains. Especially painful is the report from his home town. "The news that Rheydt received the Americans with white flags makes me blush," he admits. "One of these white flags flew from the house where I was born." Denouncing the "cynicism of the Americans" for singing *God Bless America* at the end of a service in Cologne Cathedral, he writes on April 2: "What humiliations have we still to suffer before the moment of deliverance comes?"

Goebbels clearly blames the Wehrmacht's generals for Germany's plight, accusing them of lacking imagination and leadership. "It is a shame that the Führer has so few respectable military men on his staff." His most venomous blasts are reserved for Luftwaffe Boss Hermann Göring. Demanding that "the Führer [turn] Göring into a man again," Goebbels exclaims: "Bemedaled idiots and vain perfumed coxcombs have no place in our war leadership." Thanks to Göring's uninterrupted record of incompetence, argues Goebbels, the Luftwaffe has failed to wield the air superiority essential for victory.

Goebbels' petty scorn spares practically none of his colleagues. But his most vile language is aimed at the Jews, especially after he learns that some of them have been given public posts in Allied-occupied parts of Germany. He snarls: "Anyone in a position to do so should kill these Jews off like rats. In Germany, thank God, we have already done a fairly complete job. I trust that the world will take its cue from this."

Even Hitler is not immune. Although Goebbels records frequently that "the sight of the Führer is always thrilling," he is growing impatient with the dictator's refusal to take advice. Particularly vexing is Hitler's reluctance to try to lift the country's faltering morale by broadcasting a speech. The propaganda chief reminds Hitler that in the dark hours after Dunkirk, Churchill rallied Britons with a moving address, as did Stalin during the attack on Moscow. Yet Hitler remains adamant, and a dejected Goebbels writes: "The Führer has an aversion to the microphone which is quite incomprehensible. It is not right to leave the people without a word from him now."

Yet Goebbels refuses to concede that all is lost. His spirit soars at any sign of trouble on the Allied side; he cheers at reports of labor unrest and food shortages in the U.S. and Britain. He goes on at length about how the Allied forces will be weakened by a renewed U-boat campaign and by the deployment of the Luftwaffe's first jet warplanes. Immersing himself in accounts of the Punic Wars and biographies of Prussia's Frederick the Great, he searches for historical examples of nations that averted disaster at the very last moment and concludes: "There is no question of any doubt in my mind regarding the possibility of victory for our cause."

While a complete military triumph seems out of the question, he feels that Berlin could negotiate a settlement with Moscow ("Stalin need take no account of his public opinion"), thus freeing German forces to contend with the Allies in the West. This was probably the master propagandist's final delusion. As Soviet tanks rumbled through Berlin on May 1, 1945—21 days after his last entry and the day following Hitler's suicide in the Führerbunker—Goebbels and his wife Magda methodically poisoned their six children and then killed themselves. ■

*An English translation, *Final Entries 1945: The Diaries of Joseph Goebbels,* will be published this spring in New York City by Putnam and in London by Martin Secker & Warburg.

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Time Essay

A Shrine of Showbigness Goes Down

The prognosis was bleak: "There is no hope for survival." The diagnostician was authoritative: Alton G. Marshall, president of Rockefeller Center Inc. The patient was his ward: Manhattan's grand old Radio City Music Hall, which, said Marshall last week, will close for good in April.

The Music Hall is not officially a historic monument, but it surely is something of a national shrine. As soon as it opened in 1932 as Rockefeller Center's "Showplace of the Nation," the theater became proof positive for millions of Americans that there was no bigness like show bigness. Something preposterously grand about the Music Hall raised it above its nearby (and now nearly forgotten) movie-palace rivals, like the Roxy or the Paramount: its scale, its colossal adornments, its dizzying spaciousness. Its founding impresario, the late S.L. ("Roxy") Rothafel, loved to boast that it was the largest indoor theater in the world.

The Music Hall was, in effect, a world within itself, a tour de force of art deco dazzle and soaring ceilings that provoked awe and vertigo among the customers. The sheer quantitative excess of its palatial pretensions infected professional journalists with an even greater than normal addiction to statistical literature. Thus the tales of the Music Hall's Boswells are almost uniformly impacted with numbers purporting to measure every major, minor, relevant and irrelevant aspect of the plant. The printed record aches with such data as the number of miles of film projected yearly (5,000), the quantity of gum once scraped nightly from underneath 6,200 velvet-covered seats (20 lbs.); the number of stops on the thundering Mighty Wurlitzer (375); the number of light bulbs (25,000); the weight of the chandeliers (two tons); and, naturally, the improbable dimensions of the stage (144 ft. wide, 67 ft. deep). But no statistic could quite translate the spectator's impression that the Music Hall could easily have accommodated a re-enactment of World War II. It was left to a latter-day comedian, David Steinberg, to hint at a performer's sense of the institution: "An intimate place," said he, "about the size of Ethiopia."

TED THAI

Rockettes swing into traditional eye-high kick in recent Christmas show

There was never anything small about the feast of entertainment offered either. For a ticket that never got higher than $5, the hall offered its customer not merely a movie but performances by a 75-member symphony orchestra, a resident corps de ballet, visiting vocalists and instrumentalists, and zealous sing-alongs with the booming organ. And, always, the machine-perfect, fail-proof routines of the pert-figured, high-kicking Rockettes. On seasonal holidays there were, in addition, lavishly staged extravaganzas during which the mammoth stage might be transformed into a cathedral, or a racecourse for chariots drawn by live horses, or a harbor bearing the illusion of full-size ships—all glorified by the pizazz of lighting trickery quite beyond the capability of other theaters.

All over America the Music Hall became one of the best reasons for visiting New York City. But homefolks as well as outlanders were among the 250 million people who have been its paying customers. Even New Yorkers who never went inside were regularly impressed by the enormously long lines of pilgrims waiting to get through the doors at 50th Street and the Avenue of the Americas. The Music Hall developed such drawing power that it seemed, as one bemused visitor put it, "unavoidable, like the Grand Canyon."

Unavoidable, perhaps—but not nearly as durable. Last week Rockefeller Center's Marshall sadly admitted that the proud landmark now faces the same pathetic destiny that has overtaken hundreds of other moviehouses, big and small, in recent years. By present plans it will shut down this week, reopen in March to offer its traditional Easter pageant, and then close forever the following month. The reason, naturally, is money. The theater lost $2.2 million in 1977, and officials figure it would lose $3.5 million this year if it stayed open. The Music Hall needs to take in $176,000 a week just to cover operating overhead, including the salaries of 440 employees. "It simply is not possible for us to continue," said Marshall.

How could such an institution abruptly die? The truth is, the demise was not so sudden. In recent years the Music Hall, like every U.S. business, has been caught in the spiral of rising costs. But its revenues have not risen accordingly. Attendance has dropped from 5 million in 1967 to less than 2 million last year. Those figures, however, only half explain the attendance problem. Equally relevant is an evolution of popular taste in entertainment. Niceness, to put it baldly, is not as popular as it used to be. Catering to more sophisticated filmgoers, Hollywood each year produced fewer and fewer movies that suited the Music Hall's strict policy of offering only films and stage shows that were suitable for family viewing. It was no great surprise that the featured film last week was a treacly Walt Disney production called *Pete's Dragon*.

Marshall concedes that television also hurt by nightly providing child-oriented family Pablum for free. So did fears about the prowling dangers of the big city. The Music Hall has recently done two-thirds of its business before 6 p.m. because, as Marshall sees it, families in the metropolitan area were wary of riding the subway at night. Meanwhile, countermeasures such as budget trimming (the Music Hall dropped its ballet troupe three years ago) and trying to draw new audiences with midnight rock concerts failed to turn things around.

It is tempting to see the closing as the end of an era. Yet it may be more realistic to see the Music Hall as a relic of an era that ended long ago—an era when Americans were far more innocent in their passion for moving pictures, an era when the public was more easily beguiled by the kind of shimmer and bigness that the Music Hall embodied.

Customers, employees and nostalgia buffs alike protested the closing announcement, many of them noting that in recent years the Music Hall had more than once threatened to shut down but nonetheless stayed open. New York's new mayor, Ed Koch, vowed that the city would try its best to keep it alive, and other ranking state political leaders also pledged to join in rescue efforts. Thus it was possible that somebody, somehow, would manage to extend the deadline. Yet it was inconceivable that the Music Hall could ever be revived to persist as what it once was. Nobody around can bring back the times and the taste on which its success relied.

— Frank Trippett

Economy & Business

Propping the Dollar at Last

But will U.S. intervention buy anything except temporary relief?

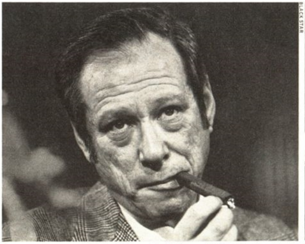
ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY CATHY HULL

The timing was unusual: major shifts in U.S. financial policy are not normally put into effect while the President is jetting around the world on a goodwill tour. But action to prop the falling dollar could not wait. When currency markets around the world reopened last week after the New Year holiday, the dollar's long slide in value turned into a headlong, chaotic dive. In Zurich, where selling pressure was greatest, the plunge lopped nearly 4% off the dollar's value against the Swiss franc in a single day. So, at just about the time last Wednesday when Jimmy Carter told an evening audience of French businessmen in Paris that "the U.S. will strive to maintain the strength of the dollar," the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board in Washington put substance behind his words.

The two agencies issued a terse one-paragraph announcement that the U.S. would actively begin supporting its weakening currency on world markets. That afternoon, the Federal Reserve began buying up unwanted dollars to shore up their price. The move touched off one of the wildest dollar rallies ever, but the upturn was as brief as it was explosive. By week's end the dollar was slipping again, raising the question of whether U.S. intervention in the money markets can buy anything but temporary relief for the battered buck.

In any case, the decision marks an about-face in U.S. policy. Throughout much of 1977, foreign governments bought dollars on their own to keep the price from sliding and pushing up the values of their own currencies, fearing that such a rise would hurt their economies by making their exports more expensive. Since their efforts were ineffective, they pleaded with Washington to join in. U.S. officials, led by Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, steadfastly refused. So long as the dollar's decline was orderly, they argued, money markets were better equipped than governments to determine its true value. Blumenthal gave many western Europeans the impression that the U.S. actually wanted the dollar to go down, partly because that supposedly helps American exports *(see box)*.

By December, Administration officials began to worry that the drop was getting out of hand; the man who finally decided to act was Blumenthal. First he persuaded Carter to make a statement on Dec. 21 that the U.S. would intervene if necessary to keep exchange markets orderly. That had only a momentary stabilizing effect, so Blumenthal decided to draw on a portion of the approximately $20 billion worth of foreign currencies that the U.S. can borrow from other countries under long-standing "swap" agreements. Such borrowings permit a country to buy up a specific quantity of its own currency without dipping into official reserves. Blumenthal discussed the plan several times with outgoing Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, a longtime worrier about the dollar, while both were vacationing in Florida between Christmas and New Year's, and got Carter's approval before the President left on his seven-



BLACK STAR

AP

Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal lights up in Washington; Trade Negotiator Robert Strauss briefs newsmen in White House

Unless judicious intervention sends the bears running for cover, the potential for continued disruption is great.

nation tour; only the timing was left undecided.

Last Tuesday's chaos in the markets convinced Blumenthal that intervention had to begin immediately. Says Blumenthal: "We have all along said that we would not allow disorderly markets, yet that is what this thing was becoming—totally irrational." First thing Wednesday morning, Federal Reserve officials telephoned their counterparts at the West German Bundesbank. The Germans eagerly agreed to make available the $2 billion worth of marks provided by an existing swap agreement, and reportedly even to kick in as much as $2 billion more.

Meanwhile, Blumenthal phoned Burns and said the two had better reschedule a previously planned Wednesday lunch for an earlier hour. They met at 11:45 a.m. in the Fed Chairman's private dining room and agreed on a joint 1:15 p.m. announcement that the U.S. was going into the markets. Blumenthal immediately communicated the decision to Carter. The President had been getting an earful about the dollar on his tour from King Khalid of Saudi Arabia and the Shah of Iran.

European leaders quickly applauded the move. An official in Bonn's finance ministry asserted: "At last Washington woke up. It's better late than never." Bundesbank President Otmar Emminger said that "the action should have a major stabilizing effect and put an end to speculative excesses."

So it seemed at first: the rally that followed the Treasury-Fed announcement was one for the record books. On Thursday morning in Zurich, the dollar opened 7% up in value against the Swiss franc from the previous day, the sharpest overnight dollar rise ever recorded there. In Frankfurt, where the dollar had sagged to a record low of 2.07 marks during its autumn-long slide, it abruptly recovered to nearly 2.16, also a record rise. In Tokyo,

Some Reasons for Worry

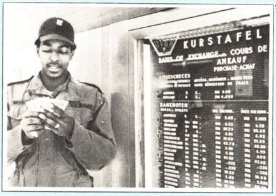
For many Americans, the international hand-wringing over the sagging value of the dollar abroad is as mystifying as a voodoo ritual. If the dollar's fate overseas is considered at all, it is thought to be a problem for foreigners and international bankers and not for those concerned with the day-to-day matters of Main Street. Nothing could be further from the truth. The dollar's tumbling exchange rate affects Americans and their economy in a number of practical and mostly harmful ways. Among the areas of greatest impact:

▸ Living costs abroad. Americans traveling or residing overseas have felt the effect of the dollar's drop most immediately and directly, especially in such countries as West Germany and Switzerland, where the greenback's decline against local currency has been severe. In Switzerland the franc has risen 25% against the dollar in the past year. A tourist couple may well spend $45 for a not particularly lavish dinner with a bottle of wine, *v.* $36 a year ago—even though the price of the meal in Swiss francs has not changed. In West Germany, where the inflation rate has been running at about 4%, Americans exchanging their dollars for deutsche mark have suffered a 34.5% loss in purchasing power during the past two years. Hardest hit are the 224,000 U.S. soldiers and airmen stationed in the Federal Republic, especially low-ranking G.I.s with families that they must house in off-base apartments.

▸ Inflation. When the dollar's value drops, the price of French wines, Japanese cameras and other foreign goods imported into the U.S. goes up. For example, the average cost of all Volkswagen models sold in the U.S. last year climbed almost 14%. Computer models of the economy indicate that at present levels increased prices for foreign goods directly add only .2 to .3 percentage points to the U.S. inflation rate. But some economists believe that the indirect impact is greater. Reason: if import prices rise, American companies can increase the price of domestically produced goods that compete against imports, without fear that foreigners will undersell them. Moreover, the dollar is the currency most often used in world oil transactions. Although OPEC has frozen the price of oil until June, it might boost prices then to make up for a continued slide in the value of the dollars that its member countries earn by selling oil. That would further fuel inflation.

▸ Exports. In classic theory, a decline in the dollar makes American goods cheaper and therefore easier to sell in foreign markets. That does happen, but the benefits are smaller than is often supposed. Many of the products that the U.S. sells abroad are "price inelastic"; sales do not necessarily go up when the price goes down. The U.S. is a major exporter of commercial jet aircraft and computers. But overseas customers buy them on the basis of quality and need, not price. Much the same is true of another major U.S. export, agricultural goods. The quantity of wheat that American farmers sell to Japan or the Soviet Union depends less on price than on the state of harvests around the world. U.S. exports of machinery and consumer goods do benefit from lower prices—but their prices were competitive with those of foreign products before the dollar's slide began.

▸ Operations of multinational companies. They get some benefit from a weaker greenback because profits earned in, say, West German marks or Swiss francs are worth more dollars to be sent back to the parent company in dividends, though this can be offset by the greater dollar operating costs abroad. Also, American-owned multinationals have been slowing down investment abroad. One reason is the

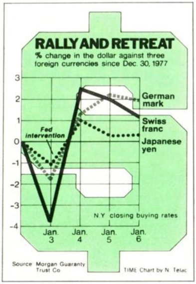


UPI

G.I. carefully counts his money outside bank in Frankfurt

sluggishness of European and Japanese economies. The drop of the dollar has added another reason, by increasing the amount of dollars that multinationals must spend to build, buy or expand foreign factories. Weakened American investment abroad prolongs the global economic stagnation that the U.S. wants to counteract.

▸ Foreign investment in the U.S. Cheaper dollars have led European investors, particularly West Germans, to buy American properties at bargain rates. Says Zurich Real Estate Broker Richard Ufer: "Ten years ago every German millionaire wanted to own a jet. Now the status symbol is a farm in America." But as the dollar's value sinks, some foreign investors are having second thoughts; profits on their U.S. investments are earned in dollars that are worth a declining number of marks and Swiss francs. The possibility is growing that foreign investors will pull much of their capital out of the U.S.; such a flight would cause the dollar to plummet even further and force the U.S. to intervene in foreign markets on a huge scale. That in turn could work to limit funds available for credit in the U.S., kick interest rates up and hurt capital spending and home building.



where the dollar had fallen to a postwar low of 237 yen on Wednesday, it promptly rebounded to 241.1.

But then on Friday, selling pressure began all over again. By day's end, the dollar had dropped back to 2.14 marks in Frankfurt, and to 2.01 Swiss francs in Zurich. One possible reason: speculators noticed that the Washington announcement a) did not promise any particular level of intervention, and b) hinted that the U.S. will not attempt to keep the dollar above any specified floor price—but will merely try to "reestablish order" on the exchanges. That would seem to leave room for a continued, though gradual, decline.

U.S. officials, indeed, hope to stabilize the dollar without actually having to buy up many greenbacks. They theorize that the dollar's price has been driven down below any rational calculations of its real worth by speculators who expected it to keep dropping mostly because Washington would do nothing to hold it up. In this view, an expression of concern, coupled with a little judicious intervention here and there, will make the bears run for cover.

Will it? That raises the question of why the world's most powerful economy has wound up with one of the world's weakest currencies. In part, the dollar's fall has been a price that the U.S. has paid for expanding its economy faster than have other industrial nations. More important, the dollar turmoil is a delayed effect of the quintupling of oil prices during 1973 and 1974.

In all, the U.S. in 1977 spilled about $18 billion into foreign markets. And a dollar excess, like a wheat excess, drives down the price. As TIME's European economic correspondent, Friedel Ungeheuer, reports from Brussels: "No one is saying that the U.S. economy is not sound. It's probably the soundest around anywhere. It's just that the bucket of dollars held abroad is full to the brim, and any additions cause it to overflow. So long as this trend prevails, no amount of central bank intervention can halt the monetary jitters that are shaking the system."

Should the U.S. care? Emphatically yes. It is true that monetary gyrations hurt the U.S. less than other nations who are far more dependent on foreign trade. But the dollar's decline injures America's foreign relations by angering friendly countries that fear the effects of a rise in their own currencies on the exports that are all-important to them. The dollar slide could accelerate world inflation: when other countries act to keep their own currencies from rising against the dollar, their moves, for complex technical reasons, increase the money supply in these countries—an inflationary force. And when exchange markets get as chaotic as they did last week, there arises the nightmare of a paralysis of world trade and investment.

The U.S. has long argued that West Germany and Japan should stimulate their own economies through domestic growth, thus reducing their trade surpluses and taking some pressure off the dollar. That would indeed help, and some progress is being made. Presidential Trade Negotiator Robert Strauss will visit Tokyo this week to put the finishing touches on a U.S.-Japanese agreement designed to permit more U.S. imports into Japan, and commit Japan to pep up its economy; it would enable Japanese consumers to buy more of the goods now being exported to the U.S. But West Germany has consistently rejected pleas to speed up its economic growth, mostly out of fear of inflation.

Far more important than whether West Germany and Japan expand their economies is whether the U.S. can manage to curtail its wanton consumption of imported oil. As President Carter grimly noted last spring in his energy address to the nation, if present trends continue, the country's oil deficit by 1985 will total a mind-stretching $550 billion. With the world monetary system already buckling under the weight of the nation's existing oil deficit, it is not hard to envision the disruptions that will follow from a more than tenfold increase in the burden during the next seven years.

Since oil imports are, more than anything else, responsible for the dollar hemorrhage, action by Congress on Carter's energy bill is now more urgently needed than ever. Though the bill is hardly likely to cut oil imports as much as Carter claimed—that is, a more than 50% reduction by 1985—it is a necessary first step, and passage by Congress is an essential precondition to restoring foreign confidence in the dollar. Unless Congress is willing to send a credible energy bill to the White House, the rest of the world can be pardoned for doubting whether the U.S. is really all that concerned about the long-term value of its currency. ■

New Act, Old Woes at the Fed

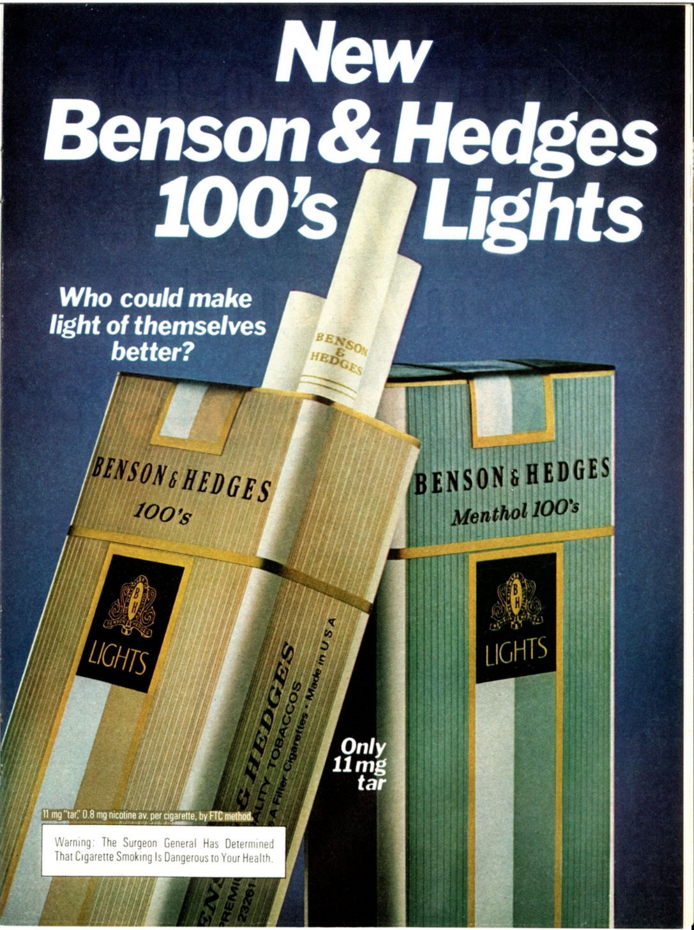
Some tricky decisions face the incoming chairman

As last week's drama of the dollar made clear, G. William Miller will be entering a political and economic minefield when he succeeds Arthur Burns as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board early next month. It will be largely up to Miller to make the tricky day-to-day decisions on when and how strongly to intervene in currency markets to keep the dollar from plunging too much lower. In that field, at least, the basic policy of intervening to stabilize the falling dollar has been set: but on domestic issues, the incoming chairman has no such clear guidelines. He will be under heavy pressure to pump out enough money to speed up the growth of the economy, yet somehow keep the money supply from growing so rapidly as to accelerate inflation, and to hold down interest rates besides. How can a Fed chairman perform such an exquisitely difficult balancing act? Says one staff member of the Senate Banking Committee: "The answer is obvious—you don't."

Miller's first challenge will be to establish himself as a competent, forceful leader. The importance of his doing so was underscored last week by a sharp drop in the stock market. The Dow Jones industrial average tumbled almost 38

WILLIAM G. FITZPATRICK, WHITE HOUSE

Chairman Burns huddling with Miller and wife
Any policy will need luck as well as skill.



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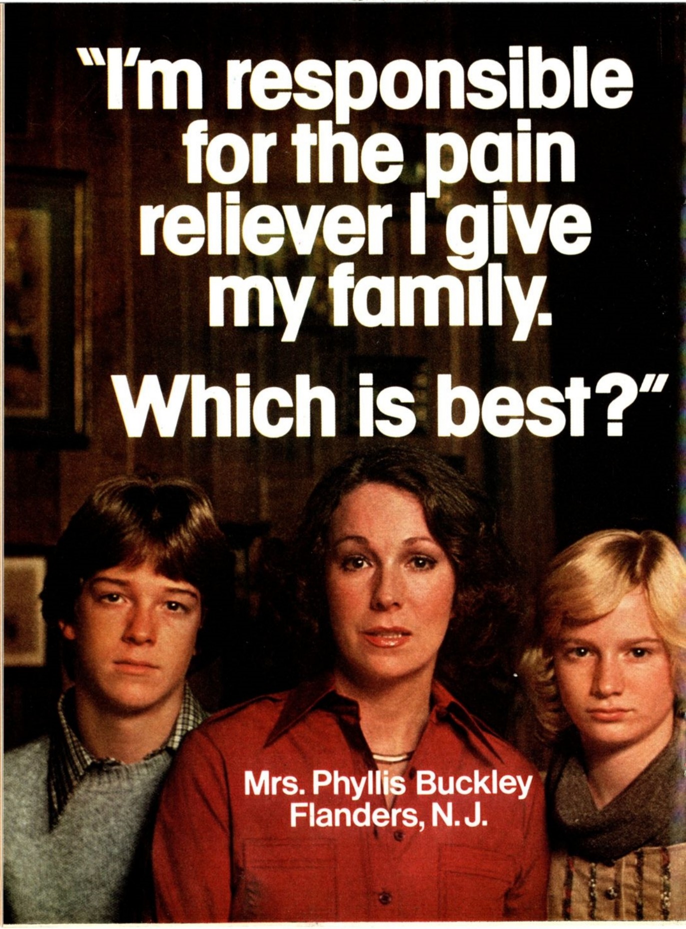
"I'm responsible for the pain reliever I give my family.
Which is best?"
Mrs. Phyllis Buckley
Flanders, N.J.

Take this quiz and judge for yourself, Mrs. Buckley.

1. Question: At recommended doses, which is the safest pain reliever for your family?

☐ **Aspirin** ☐ **TYLENOL®**

Answer: Look over this list and judge for yourself.

Possible side effects with Aspirin	Possible side effects with TYLENOL®
• Hypersensitivity in rare instances	• Hypersensitivity in rare instances
• Stomach distress	
• Aggravation of stomach ulcers	
• Asthma complications	
• Hay fever complications	
• Anemia	
• Interaction with some prescription drugs	

2. Question: Which pain reliever is more effective for the relief of pain?

☐ **Aspirin** ☐ **TYLENOL®**

Answer: Standard doses of aspirin and Regular Strength TYLENOL® are equally effective for the temporary relief of occasional minor aches, pains and headaches, and for the reduction of fever.

3. Question: Which pain reliever should you take if you suffer from arthritis?

☐ **Aspirin** ☐ **TYLENOL®**

Answer: Neither aspirin nor TYLENOL® should be taken for arthritis except under the advice and supervision of a physician. There are many types of arthritis and only a physician can determine which type you may have. Osteoarthritis, the most common type, is seldom accompanied by inflammation and both TYLENOL® and aspirin can provide effective pain relief for this condition.

For rheumatoid arthritis, which is accompanied by severe inflammation, neither TYLENOL® nor aspirin is effective at the dosage recommended on the package labels. Aspirin can be helpful at higher doses prescribed by your physician and taken for an extended period of time.

4. Question: Is it true that aspirin or TYLENOL® can be harmful if abused?

☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**

Answer: All drugs can be harmful if used improperly. For example an abnormally large overdose of TYLENOL®—usually 46 or more tablets swallowed _at one time_—can cause liver damage. The same extraordinarily large overdose of aspirin may cause other equally serious reactions.

5. Question: Which pain reliever do hospitals use?

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points to close the week under the 800 mark at 793.49. The drop occurred mostly because of worries about the dollar, but also partly because of uncertainty about Miller and what policies he will follow. In addition, businessmen will be watching Miller's performance in checking inflation for clues as to whether to launch plant expansion and modernization programs that are needed to keep the recovery rolling. As Miller takes over, it will be entering its 34th month, just about the average length for post–World War II periods of expansion.

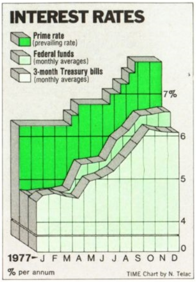
Though Miller won enormous respect as the chairman of Textron Inc., the giant and flourishing conglomerate, he has had little firsthand experience in the esoteric area of monetary policy. During his first few months in office he is likely to be more dependent on staff than was Burns, who dominated Fed decisions by the force of his personality and wide-ranging knowledge. As a consequence, no radical changes in Federal Reserve Board policy are expected immediately—but that will scarcely keep Miller out of controversy.

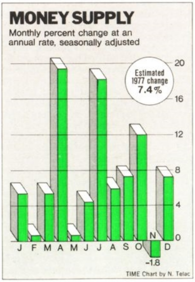
The board of late has been trying gradually to reduce the rate of growth in money supply in order to "undernourish" inflation, as Burns once put it. It has not had much success; the basic money supply during 1977 grew by about 7.4%, beyond Burns' target range of 4% to 6½%. That bothers conservatives, who want slower growth. But the board's efforts to throttle back have pushed up interest rates sharply. For example, the rate on "Fed funds"—overnight loans from one bank to another—rose two full percentage points during 1977, to 6.65%. Liberals like Presidential Economic Adviser Charles Schultze fear that any further rise will hurt the recovery by making business borrowing too expensive.

Thus Miller will shortly be overwhelmed by diametrically opposed advice. Conservatives like Beryl Sprinkel, executive vice president of Chicago's Harris Trust & Savings Bank, contend that the Federal Reserve should concentrate on moderating the growth of money supply and let interest rates go wherever the market takes them. Liberal economists like Arthur Okun of the Brookings Institution retort that the Fed should concentrate on holding down business borrowing costs and not worry so much about money-supply targets.

Whatever policy Miller adopts, he will need luck as well as skill to see that it actually gets carried out. During 1977 money supply bounced around wildly, rising at an annual rate of over 19% in April, but falling at a 1.8% rate in November. The swings puzzled and frightened investors and were a contributing factor in the stock market's decline. One reason for the gyrations is that velocity—the speed with which money changes hands—speeded up and slowed down unpredictably. A change in velocity can cause the Federal Reserve's maneuvers in buying and selling Government securities to expand money supply either much more or much less than the board intends; last year both things happened.

Miller can perhaps take some ironic comfort in the thought that on this subject, his lack of training in monetary matters puts him at no disadvantage: even his more experienced colleagues-to-be on the board do not really understand what has been happening to velocity. Says one staffer: "The whole thing is a mystery." But the technical complexities of carrying out money policy are only one problem: whatever Miller decides to do, he is bound to ruffle either liberals or conservatives. It would take only minimal bad luck or misjudgment for him to dismay both. ■





A Trigger to Curb Dumping

If the price tag is too low, out come Treasury's hound dogs

For the past year or so the U.S. steel industry has resembled an aging boxing champ, once invincible but now hobbled by old bones and slow reflexes. The young contender has been imported steel, largely of Japanese origin, which in some months has seized a fifth of the domestic market. Late last fall the White House pledged to help salve the champ's wounds by toughening up U.S. sanctions against dumping—that is, selling foreign steel in the U.S. for less than it costs to make, or is sold for, in its home country. Last week the Administration announced details of its new "trigger price mechanism" plan, under which steel entering the U.S. with a price tag below a predetermined level would instantly unleash the investigative hound dogs of the Treasury Department.

In computing the trigger prices, the Government consulted with Japanese officials, whose nation's mills make the world's least expensive steel that is imported into the U.S. Last month an American team led by Robert Crandall, deputy director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, holed up in Washington with a 20-member Japanese delegation, poring over data supplied by the visitors concerning cost of materials and labor, overhead, depreciation and the like. The conclusion: for 17 steel products that make up 75% of the market the average trigger price would be $330 per ton, or 5.7% less than the price for comparable U.S.-made products on the East Coast.

The triggers for other steel products will be announced by the time the new plan goes into effect Feb. 15. After that date, customs officials will report to the Treasury any imported steel costing less than the trigger price. The Treasury will automatically begin an investigation. In the past, the Government investigated charges of dumping only when they were brought by U.S. companies, and the process often took two years. Now remedies will come much more swiftly.

The plan was not greeted with hosannas. The Federal Trade Commission, in an unpublished study, charges that the trigger-price system will cost American consumers $1 billion, by raising the price of imported metal, and will require a huge bureaucracy to administer. American steelmakers are not sure that it will even actually curb imports. It will do so only if the trigger price is fairly close to the U.S. price—and at year's end several major American manufacturers announced price increases averaging 5.5%. Not until the second quarter will it become apparent whether trigger prices will actually curb imports. So far, the knowl-

edge that a new mechanism was in the works has had scant effect on the influx of foreign steel. When the final tally for 1977 is in, imports could account for about 18% of the market, tying the record-high share they held in 1971.

Meanwhile, the domestic picture remains glum. Last week Chairman Edgar B. Speer of U.S. Steel said that his company would eventually have to close down its Youngstown, Ohio, operation, which currently employs 5,000 workers. It is clear that the Youngstown plants, with their ancient machinery, have also become geographically obsolete. Even if the Administration's trigger-price scheme succeeds, older plants like Youngstown's are unlikely to be salvageable. ■

Playing Politics with Airlines

Pan Am screams foul at Braniff's rich, new route gains

One area in which the imperial presidency is as regal as ever is the matter of international airline routes: by law the President can bestow on any airline of his choice the right to fly between any American city and any foreign one, and he need not bother to state a reason. Just before Christmas, Jimmy Carter exercised that prerogative in a fashion that caused his own chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board briefly to consider resigning, and that is now leading Pan American World Airways to scream about undue political influence. Reason: it lost a juicy route to Dallas-based Braniff Airways.

Carter's order had other, less controversial effects. The President gave permission for new direct transatlantic flights to Europe starting from eleven U.S. cities, most in the Midwest or South; only ten cities had previously served as gateways to Europe *(see map)*. He granted TWA the right to fly nonstop to Europe from Pittsburgh, Denver, St. Louis, Cleveland, Minneapolis–St. Paul and Kansas City, Mo. Northwest Airlines, which had no flights to Europe, picked up unused Pan Am rights to fly to Scandinavia from several cities across the nation. Delta Air Lines, which until now has been primarily a domestic carrier with no European routes, got the right to fly from Atlanta, its headquarters, to London; Miami-based National Airlines can add service from New Orleans and Tampa to its existing Miami-London route. Pan Am was told it could start flying nonstop Houston-London in about three years. In all these matters, Carter followed CAB recommendations.

But the President made two key alterations in the CAB proposal. The board had recommended that National be allowed to fly only to Paris; the President added Amsterdam and Frankfurt. More important, the CAB had decided by a 4-to-1 vote that Pan Am be chosen to open service on the potentially lucrative route from Dallas–Fort Worth to London. Its reason: Pan Am, which only in the past two years has begun to earn a profit after years of heavy losses that at one point drove it to the brink of bankruptcy, could not stand any more competition. Carter gave the route instead to Braniff, which has been prospering mightily; the President cited "foreign policy considerations" that, as is his privilege, he did not bother to explain.

When CAB Chairman Alfred Kahn heard the news by phone in a doctor's office, he considered quitting on the spot, but thought it over for 24 hours and decided to stay. Pan Am was less charitable. Stormed William Seawell, the airline's chairman and chief executive: "We are outraged." The White House order, he said, "appears to have been dictated by the kind of political manipulation the President promised would not characterize his Administration."

Some consumer groups immediately charged that Carter had violated the spirit, if not the letter, of a directive by President Ford aimed at stopping back-room White House lobbying on airline awards. Ford had ordered that no "interested parties" be allowed to talk to the President on international airline cases. The consumerists noted that George Busbee, Carter's successor as Governor of Georgia, had visited the White House to press home-state Delta's claim for generous treatment. Carter spokesmen contended that there was no "impropriety" because Ford's order did not apply to elected officials.

The Braniff award brought matters to a real boil. The airline had been fined for making illegal contributions to Richard Nixon's re-election campaign. Now the political wind has shifted from San Clemente to the South—and Braniff has influence there too. Virtually the entire Texas congressional delegation lobbied Carter. Says one airline lawyer: "They hit the White House like dive bombers from the Confederate air force."

Pan Am flight engineers charged last week that Carter had been subjected to pressure from Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe, "and possibly even from one high-ranking member of the Administration who is a former Braniff director." The reference was to Robert Strauss, who was Democratic National Chairman when Carter was nominated for President and is now Carter's chief trade negotiator. Pan Am asked the CAB either to stay the new route awards for 90 days or grant the routes only on a temporary basis. To no avail: last week the CAB staff was readying a final order for Carter's signature when he returned from his foreign trip.

Carter's decisions pleased people in the new gateway cities. In Atlanta, John Wilson, president of Multimart, an import-export company, declared that the order "puts the small and medium-sized business directly on the line to Europe." Officials in Tampa, New Orleans and Kansas City predict a big increase in tourism by foreigners.

None of that helps Pan Am, which has let its once enormous political power decline while Braniff has developed potency with Carter's Sunbelt constituents. The loss of any international route hurts Pan Am especially because it has no domestic service to supplement its foreign business. The airline pointed out that no department of the Government found any foreign policy reason for denying it the run from Dallas–Fort Worth to London. But the only opinion that counts is the President's, and according to several reports, he traded the award to Braniff for the votes of the Texas Congressmen on energy matters. ■

Boom in Sunshine Cruises

Games, meals, movies—and a few bugs

RAY FISHER

Saturday lineup of pleasure liners

Backgammon and chamber music tours.

Tall drinks, potted palms, dance floors full of would-be Fred Astaires and Ginger Rogerses beginning the beguine—such were the romantic hallmarks of overseas travel in the days when people traveled over the seas in ships. By 1960, though, more people were crossing the Atlantic by air than by water, and the big luxury liners had begun a long slide into nostalgic memory; hardly any are left on the Atlantic run. Yet down in the Caribbean, the glamour of the swaying grand saloon lived on: cruise ships, populated primarily by the gray and affluent set, visited the islands in style. And today the cruise business is flourishing as never before, the lure of low-priced charter flights to everywhere notwithstanding. Bookings in North America, which account for more than 80% of the world's cruise trade, totaled $1.6 billion in 1977, double the volume of a decade before. The number of passengers has passed the million-a-year mark, and the median age is dropping.

Nowadays there are specialty cruises tailored for backgammon fiends or chamber-music fanciers or homosexuals. Most people who go down to the sea for their vacations simply want good fun at a good price—and find that many cruises almost live up to the travel ads. Cruise prices run somewhere between $85 and $100 a day, with almost no extras except tips and liquor, which can be purchased for 95¢ or so per drink. Savvy travelers choose their cruises wisely, considering the ship's size (big ones roll less but sometimes have many decks and too few elevators), the location of one's cabin (the smoothest ride is at midship), even the nationality of the chef. Ports of call are important only insofar as they proffer duty-free goodies; the real R. and R. is aboard ship, where a vacationer can be utterly free of quotidian pressures.

Says Albert Walker, hotel manager of the Norwegian-owned Royal Caribbean Cruise Line's *Sun Viking*: "The aim is to inundate people with pleasure and keep it coming all the time." On New Year's Eve, the *Sun Viking* departed Miami for a two-week cruise, carrying 792 revelers, a crew of 318 and TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury. Reported Woodbury from Puerto Rico, three days and 21 meals later: "Desire lurks at every turn. The important questions of life as one peruses each day's activity sheet are reduced to which luncheon to sample, which deck tourney to enter, whether to pass up the ice-carving demonstration by the Korean chef at poolside for the latest movie."

In Miami, where most U.S.-based cruises originate, the lines claim that many ships operate at better than 90% of capacity and often require bookings months in advance. One-week trips are the most popular, but budget-conscious vacationers can get away on a Miami-Bahamas run for as few as three days. Worldwide, there are somewhere around 75 cruise ships in service. Since a first-class liner costs at least $75 million to build from scratch, fleet owners customarily renovate aged vessels, packing them with tiny staterooms. The *General W.P. Richardson*, originally intended to carry troops, is now in its sixth incarnation as Eastern Steamship Lines' *Emerald Seas*.

"We're showing profits like they're going out of style," says Morton Erstling, senior vice president of Eastern. Other fleet operators freely trumpet similar claims, but since most lines are foreign (Italian, Norwegian, Greek, even Soviet), privately owned and keep tightly guarded books, hard profit figures are impossible to nail down. Some lines, in fact, enjoy subsidies and tax breaks from their governments. Shipowners can cut costs by reducing crews and paring down provisions when the passenger load is light. But on some runs, 93% of the berths must be occupied for the shipowner to break even, and a half-empty vessel can spell disaster.

Then there are vagaries to which the cruise business is subject. Tropical storms can be almost as devastating as the sudden breakdown of a ship. Many Caribbean islands are politically combustible beneath their Edenic exteriors. And the industry is periodically plagued by bad publicity every time a shipload of vacationers returns home doubled over with diarrhea. In a one-year period that ended last Thanksgiving, 73 cruise ships underwent a total of 625 U.S. Government sanitation-standards inspection tests—and failed the tests two-thirds of the time. Unfortunately there are no laws on the books that would allow Washington either to order the ships cleaned up or stop them from sailing. If the salad days of the cruise business are to continue, the operators must voluntarily get the bugs out—so to speak. ■

RAY FISHER

Morning exercise class on *Sun Viking* (left), and young passengers returning from shopping in San Juan, Puerto Rico

BILL PIERCE

A bird watcher scans the horizon just after sunrise on Long Island, N.Y., during Audubon Society's annual Christmas Count

Environment

It's All for the Birds!

Taking the annual feathery count from Nome to South America

The sun had just risen over the northeastern tip of Long Island, and an icy wind was blowing in from Gardiners Bay. Except for screeching herring gulls and other hungry birds, the only sign of life on this blustery (20° F.) winter morning was a small column of people bundled against the cold and quietly stalking across a frozen marsh. "Hey, there's a blackback!" exclaimed their leader. "And look over there, some goldeneyes." Fighting through thick reeds and tall grass, the bird watchers soon spotted other feathered friends: half a dozen stout-bodied, short-necked diving ducks called white-winged scoters, another type of waterfowl known as an old-squaw, several large, double-crested cormorants, and finally an American kestrel. Exulted the leader: "You really get psyched by this."

So do thousands of other Americans. The frostbitten early-morning exercise on Long Island was only a small part of an annual ritual that is, literally, for the birds. Every holiday season for the past 78 years, bird lovers have flocked to woods and parkland, marshes and meadow to participate in the National Audubon Society's Christmas Bird Count. The object: to identify and tally as many varieties and numbers of birds as possible on a given day. This year's count involved some 33,000 people, from Nome, Alaska, to as far south as Panama and Venezuela. When all their figures are added up, more than 1,300 species of birds will have been counted.

"It's as big an example of dedicated teamwork as you'll find," says National Audubon Society President Elvis J. Stahr. With the figures the volunteers provide, ornithologists are able not only to check the health and vigor of different avian species but also to detect changes in their habitats, set up wildlife sanctuaries and even help airlines reroute their planes to avoid dangerous collisions with migrating birds. The bird count also acts as an environmental early-warning system. Recalling the canaries that miners took with them into coal mines to detect noxious fumes, Stahr explains that birds are usually quicker than man to react to changes about them. One example: the decline of many species—peregrine falcons, ospreys, brown pelicans—because of widespread use of insecticides.

For the moment, at least, such weighty things were not on the minds of the Long Island bird watchers. By midmorning the group had spotted 36 different species, slightly shy of the figure at that hour during the previous year's count. "Not really too good," shrugged Leader Paul Stoutenburgh, 50, a tall, lean, high school teacher and part-time naturalist. "Perhaps we're just not as sharp-eyed as we should be today."

To the casual hiker or jogger, a deserted beach or marsh on a winter day can seem as desolate and lifeless as the Antarctic. Not to the experienced bird watcher, whose eyes catch the slightest flicker of activity. "Hey, there's a hawk, hovering over that tree!" shouted Stoutenburgh. "Must be a rough-legged," said another birder. "Wow, he's big." Passing some bushes, Stoutenburgh sighted a mockingbird. "Look, he's all fluffed out like a down jacket to keep warm," he explained. "He's new to this area, moved up from the South because he's finding berries he likes." "Hey, gang, we're missing a red-breasted merganser. They should be around here. Anyone seen one?" No one had, but the disappointment was soon relieved by the sighting of a relatively rare Cooper's hawk, sitting proudly atop a telephone pole.

Now the birders were quickly adding one species after another: white-throated sparrows, pheasants, gadwalls and, finally, mergansers. There was also a downy woodpecker, merrily hammering away at a tree in search of insects. Spotting several small birds on a pine, a watcher exclaimed: "Look at those house finches!" He was instantly corrected: "House finches don't eat pine cones." In fact, they were pine siskins, a Northern bird that the delighted Stoutenburgh had not seen on Long Island for years.

By now it was 3:45 p.m., and the sinking sun was making identification increasingly difficult. Most of the bird watchers were chilled and tired, eager to head for the hot cider and chowder awaiting them at Stoutenburgh's house. But the leader persisted. "Still haven't spotted a snipe," he said. "Couldn't possibly return home without one." So off he went, scampering across several more marshes, looking everywhere, including culverts, for water that had not yet frozen. "Snipes like flowing water," he explained. "It lets them pick up an insect or two or a grub." Finally, after a numbing hour, he found his quarry—a common snipe fluttering off into the sunset. Said the elated Stoutenburgh: "I knew that there had to be one around here. O.K., now we can go home." ■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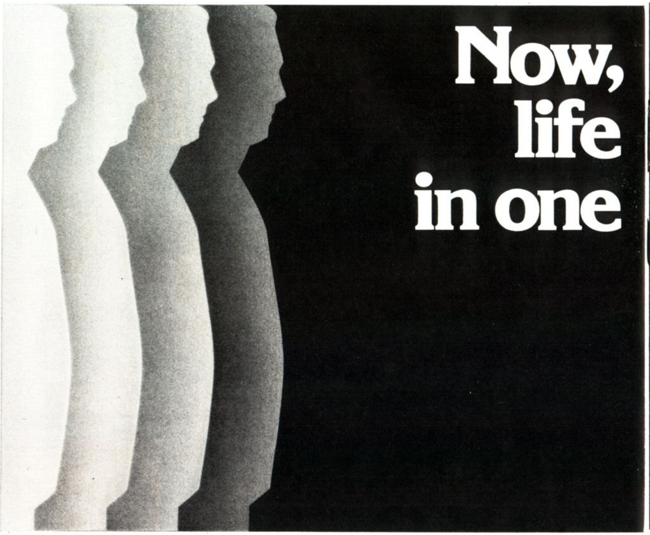

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Sexes

Is There Life in a Swingers' Club?

There's nothing platonic about Plato's Retreat

As TIME's *Behavior writer, John Leo diligently strives to keep up with fast-changing U.S. sexual mores. In this pursuit, Leo and a companion visited Plato's Retreat, a swingers' club in the basement of Manhattan's Ansonia Hotel. His report:*

An orange plastic ball zips through the air, occasionally caroming off an onlooker or one of the swimmers. Two giggling women start to push a third into the water, then pull her back just in time. It is normal poolside fun, except that everyone is naked and three couples are copulating in the water.

"When you write about this," says Larry Levenson, 41, the amiable co-owner of Plato's, "don't leave out all the material that could make this place look upstanding." Levenson is harassed and sweating profusely. He has 200 couples on hand, a waiting line for lockers, and some prospective orgiasts are edgy because the bar is closed—the result of a court injunction by the state liquor authority. Without booze, he says, "it just takes everyone an hour longer to get all their clothes off."

Swinger clubs have operated furtively for years in most major cities and many small towns. Now they are going public. At least half a dozen operate openly in Manhattan. Though their legality is uncertain, revenues are high enough to justify the risk of prosecution. Open five nights a week, Plato's attracts some 6,500 fun seekers—and grosses \$90,000—a month. Six-week memberships cost \$5 per couple. For the \$25 admission price (\$10 for single women, no unattached males allowed), couples can use the disco, pool, steambath and pool table. Next to the disco is the "mat room" for orgies, and down the hall are 20 "mini-swing" rooms for one to three couples.

Levenson walks through the locker room. "This is the only place people are modest," he says. "They want to undress alone." One of the mini-swing rooms, he notes, is reserved for Plato's staff. Unlocking the door to the staff room, he finds a man and a woman inside, both naked. "Hey, that's my lady," says Levenson. "She lives with me. How are you, Mary?" Mary, a divorced mother of three, chuckles and tries to cover up until the door is relocked. "Whatever gives her pleasure gives me pleasure," Levenson says, talking loudly over the moans coming from the cubicles. "People separate when they're finished here and no phone numbers are exchanged." Exchanging phone numbers is the cardinal sin of swinging, because it can lead to emotional attachments.

A tough-looking woman stands at the liquorless bar, wearing only a flowered blouse and high heels. A bartender whispers to her. "Tell him to ask me himself," she snaps. "I don't deal through intermediaries." She has been married for 15 years and swinging for 13. Now she is jaded. She will only settle for "a man with hunger in his eyes," and no hungry-eyed man has happened by for three nights. So she strolls off to proposition a woman.

A young Israeli couple, both clothed, are sitting in voyeurs' row, just outside the orgy room. "It's a very immoral place," says the woman, giggling. Trouble is, the voyeurs' view through the narrow entrance is blocked by the "matman," a craggy fellow who stands with arms folded like Mr. Clean. Is his job to police the orgy? Matman looks incredulous. "We *never* have any trouble here. These are good people. I am more of a shepherd looking after my flock." The shepherd's main role is to see that customers join and leave the orgy in pairs. Once inside, partners do not have to stay together, but if a man leaves to go to the bathroom, he has two minutes to return, or his girlfriend will be ejected. A pudgy woman is protesting her expulsion from paradise. Matman latches on to her arm and gently guides her out. Even orgies have rules.

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"Someone here is a very warm human being."

Matman makes a revelation: he and his wife—a hatcheck girl upstairs—are volunteers who work regularly at the club without pay. Does he at least get some free sex out of his labors? "Oh no, I never do it here," he says, staring at an enormous male derrière rising out of a sea of jiggling flesh in the mat room. "I don't want to be second, third or fourth. I do it at home where I know it's clean."

Customers try hard to brush aside fears about one possible consequence of uninhibited swinging: venereal disease. Says one: "We don't get it because swingers are just cleaner than other people." But one female newcomer, still a wallflower after two hours, admits nervously: "I'm terrified of coming down with something. How do I know who these people are and where they've been?"

Most of the patrons appear to be between 20 and 45 years old, and the staff estimates that 65% are married suburbanites, who are presumably interested in sex that does not threaten family stability. "It works," says Levenson. "You wait around until 6 a.m. when we close, and you'll see these people walking to their cars kissing and holding hands. Swinging brings them closer together, and who gets hurt by it?"

Still, there are losers even at orgies. An enormously fat woman has been sitting around in her underwear for hours, wanly looking for a man. "Swans fly with swans, ducks fly with ducks," a thin-faced young man says, glancing at her as we step around a writhing couple at the edge of the pool. Thin Face, who says he is a member of swing clubs in Chicago, San Francisco and Montreal, thinks Plato's should be more selective about people it lets in. "I mean head-wise, not body-wise," he says quickly. "Look at all those sightseers. It's not like the old days. Now it's too much of a freak show." Across the pool, the stout lady grasps the hand of a tiny Oriental man and pulls him resolutely into the mat room.

Oddly enough, there is less sexual electricity in the air than at a Rotary Club party. All the trappings of the normal sexual dance —talk, gestures and clothing—are stripped away as unessential, and emotions are under tight control. As a result, the proceedings are amiable, but flat. Like the tough-looking woman at the bar, many patrons seem bored. A pleasant young woman with a distressing overbite is standing at the bar, staring aimlessly into middle distance. "I don't know why I'm here," she says. "I'm only nude because there's nothing to do here with your clothes on." ■

Exploring an Ominous Bulge

Scientists study puzzling earth movements in California

Nearly 300 scientists this week are beginning one of the most extraordinary surveys in the annals of U.S. geology. Under a $1.4 million program conducted jointly by the National Geodetic Survey, the U.S. Geological Survey and local authorities, 36 teams of specialists are fanning across Southern California with levels, gravity meters and other exotic scientific gear for three months of intensive measuring. Their mission: to study the gradual—and extremely puzzling—elevation of a large region centered around the small town of Palmdale (pop. 12,800) that has taken place recently in this seismically active area.

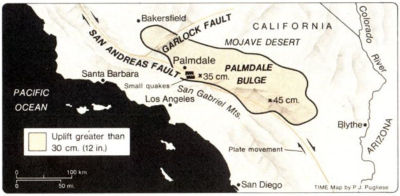
The survey is no casual exercise in abstract research. Palmdale sits atop the San Andreas Fault, the great crack that marks the boundary between two of the earth's shifting tectonic plates. Scientists fear that the ominous rise of the 83,000-sq.-km. (32,000-sq.-mi.) region, nicknamed the Palmdale Bulge, could be the first hint of a future major earthquake along that section of the fault, which lies only some 56 km. (35 miles) north of downtown Los Angeles.

Their efforts should produce, in effect, a stop-action picture of the rapidly changing features of the great land swell. From this picture, they hope to obtain a more definitive view of the strange events around Palmdale. That knowledge, in turn, could eventually enable them to predict if—and possibly when and where—an earthquake will strike. "Uplifts have been observed before several major earthquakes," notes Seismologist Peter Ward, chief of earthquake mechanics and predictions for the U.S.G.S. Among these quakes is California's last large temblor, the one that shook the San Fernando Valley in 1971, taking 58 lives.

Initially, seismologists thought that the Palmdale uplifting was the result of tiny fissuring that occurs in rocks when they are subjected to great stress, expanding the volume of the rock. But the bulge appears much too large to be explained only by this effect, which is known as dilatancy and has already been used to make experimental earthquake predictions. Instead, scientists are leaning increasingly to the idea that other factors may be involved, notably a concept called elastic deformation, in which moving land masses snag against each other and force some of the earth's crust to roll up like a rug pushed against a wall. In this particular case, the snag is apparently occurring along a dog-leg bend in the San Andreas Fault in the vicinity of the Palmdale Bulge. There the two huge plates, which normally grind past each other in opposite directions, appear to be locked together, causing a buildup of tremendous strain that eventually must be released in one or more quakes.

Whatever the cause of the perplexing uplift around Palmdale, scientists have plenty to study in the region. Though the bulge has been rising in most areas, it fell almost 15 cm. (6 in.) in at least one section between Palmdale and Pasadena from 1974 to 1976, a phenomenon that baffles experts. In addition, scientists are disturbed by a flurry of minor tremors, measuring up to 3 on the Richter scale, that have occurred along the fault southeast of Palmdale, since November 1976. Says Don L. Anderson, director of Caltech's seismological laboratory: "Until these recent swarms there has been very little action along this section of the San Andreas Fault. It could be significant."

Finally, while parts of the fault appear to be jammed, recent work by Caltech scientists—using ultraprecise radio telescopes as measuring instruments and signals from distant quasars *(see following story)* as benchmarks—shows that there has been relative motion of up to 20 cm. (8 in.) in only three years between the opposing plates just south of the San Gabriel mountains. That motion, which may be rapid by San Andreas standards, also mystifies the researchers. Says Caltech's Peter MacDoran, who has been directing these measurements, "What we need is a nice, big nondestructive earthquake that we can intensely study. Then maybe all these puzzling pieces would fit together." ■



Far-Out Quasars

Their red shifts seem to be a reliable yardstick

Horrid quasar
Near or far,
This truth to you I must confess:
My heart for you is full of hate
O super star,
Imploded gas,
Exploded trash,
You glowing speck upon a plate,
Of Einstein's world you've made a mess!

First identified in the 1960s, the enigmatic, starlike objects called quasars are as baffling today as they were more than a decade ago when Astronomer Jesse Greenstein scribbled his poetic plaint on a Caltech blackboard. What sets quasars apart from most other celestial objects is that the light they emit is shifted drastically toward the red, or low-frequency, end of the spectrum. Just as a train whistle's lowered pitch indicates that it is moving away from the listener, so the quasars' light suggests that they are receding from the earth at tremendous speeds—some approaching the universe's ultimate speed limit, the velocity of light. And according to a law formulated by Astronomer Edwin Hubbell in 1929, the greater the red shift of light from a galaxy, or island of stars, the farther away the galaxy is from the earth. Indeed, using the red shift from some quasars as a yardstick indicates that they could be 10 billion or more light-years away—making them the farthermost objects ever observed in the heavens by astronomers.

But that poses a dilemma for physicists. If quasars are really so far away, yet bright enough to be detected through ordinary optical and radio telescopes, they must be radiating more energy than 50 to 100 galaxies, each of which contains hundreds of billions of stars. Yet careful measurements by radio telescopes indicate that a quasar is much smaller than a galaxy and perhaps no bigger than a solar system. The problem: no

physical process yet known to scientists can generate such incredible energy in so tiny a volume.

This quandary has led some astronomers to suggest that the quasars' red shifts are caused by something other than their great distance. Perhaps the light is simply "tired" after its long journey and is arriving at a lower frequency. Or it might be "stretched" toward the red by the strong gravitational field of the quasar. Another possibility: maybe quasars have been exploded out of nearby galaxies at great velocities. Any of these explanations could leave the quasars near enough to the earth to account for their observed brightness, and at the same time give them their enormous red shifts. But are any of these theories right?

Now Astronomer Joseph S. Miller, using the Lick Observatory's powerful 120-in. (3-meter) telescope near San Jose, Calif., has produced powerful new evidence to support the "distant" quasar argument. Expanding on earlier work at the Hale Observatories by Beverley Oke and James Gunn with the 200-in. (5-meter) Palomar telescope, he and two colleagues studied one of the so-called BL Lacertae objects, which until the late 1960s were thought to be ordinary variable stars, but now are known to resemble quasars.

The object picked by Miller was a quasar-like structure surrounded by an old, spherical galaxy. When the Miller group measured the red shift of light from that galaxy, the astronomers determined that the island of stars was 1 billion light-years away. And because the quasar-like object was imbedded in the galaxy, it was presumably the same great distance from the earth. Furthermore, the galaxy's brightness was consistent with that distance. Miller's conclusion: if the red shift was indeed a correct yardstick for an object that so closely resembled a quasar, it probably was accurate as well for quasars themselves, including those that seem to be at the very "edge" of the observable universe.

Still, Miller concedes, he is no closer than before to learning what quasars are or what gives them their awesome power. Some astronomers now believe that quasars may be a stage in the evolution of galaxies. Others speculate that they may be galaxies with "black holes" —the remnants of giant, collapsed stars —at their centers. Matter from the surrounding galaxy drawn by tremendous gravitational forces into these holes could be compressed and heated enough to produce huge amounts of energy. Perhaps the most bizarre idea is that quasars are "white holes," portals through space and time linking our universe and a mirror-image universe composed of antimatter. When antimatter from that other world comes in contact with the "normal" matter of our own, the two totally annihilate each other. That kind of reaction, involving a complete conversion of mass into energy, could explain the prodigious energy output of the quasars. ■

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Medicine

Jogger's Ills

Perils on the path to fitness

Paul Zarmunsky, 40, of Englewood, N.J., runs ten miles a day to keep fit. He thus had reason to expect that the doctor who gave him his annual physical would marvel at his fat-free midsection and low heart rate. Instead, the doctor seemed more interested in the results of Zarmunsky's laboratory tests, one of which showed the abnormal presence of protein, red blood cells and other substances in his urine. This condition can be an indication of nephritis, a potentially serious kidney disease. It can also be a sign of an apparently benign condition that is likely to become more common as increasing numbers of Americans take up jogging and running. When a second test 48 hours after the first turned out normal, Zarmunsky's doctor diagnosed his condition as "jogger's kidney," or athletic pseudonephritis, a transient problem caused not by disease but by prolonged exercise.

Dr. Robert Johnson of Knox College in Galesburg, Ill., who helped conduct a 1970 medical study of several hundred athletes, figures that large numbers of the country's estimated 10 million joggers and runners suffer at some time from athletic pseudonephritis, especially if they exercise strenuously for an hour or more at a time. The problem, says Johnson, is that many doctors are unaware of the phenomenon and may order up expensive tests instead of the simple follow-up exam that would show the condition to be pseudonephritis. "Doctors are used to studying people who have been lying down in bed," says Johnson. "They are not always familiar with the effects of exercise."

Why does vigorous and prolonged exercise cause pseudonephritis? Under normal conditions, some 20% of the blood pumped from the heart flows to the kidneys for filtration and removal of wastes. Exercise causes the body to shunt more blood to the muscles, reducing the flow to the kidneys by as much as 50%. But the kidneys continue to work at the same rate and apparently filter more protein out of a smaller volume of blood. Exercise also seems to cause constriction of the efferent arterioles, the vessels that lead out of the glomeruli, the kidney's filtration units. The result is a backup that increases pressure in the glomeruli and makes them more permeable, allowing proteins and blood cells to pass through the glomerular membranes and ultimately into the urine.

Jogger's kidney usually cures itself within 48 hours, but whether it can lead to more permanent kidney damage remains to be determined. David Jeffrey Fletcher, a second-year medical student at Chicago's Rush Medical College, is setting up a five-year study of long-distance runners to find the answer to this question. Until he does, says Researcher Gilbert Gleim of the Institute of Sports Medicine at Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital, fitness freaks should keep on running or jogging. The known benefits of such exercise, he says, far outweigh any known disadvantages.

GEOFFREY BIDDLE

Circling New York's Central Park reservoir

Catching the doctors totally unaware.

■ ■ ■

Jogger's kidney is not the only problem plaguing those involved in the great American running boom. An even more exotic ailment is "jogger's nipples," an irritation caused by the rubbing of a runner's shirt against skin. This condition, which afflicts not only women who jog braless but also men, can be prevented by covering the nipples with Band-Aids before a long run or by coating them liberally with petroleum jelly to reduce friction. Failure to take such precautions can leave the nipples raw, bleeding and quite painful. ■

Early Detection

Better tests for prostate cancer

Almost 60,000 American men will develop cancer of the prostate this year, and more than 20,000 will die of the disease. At least half of those deaths might have been avoided had the cancer been diagnosed sooner. In its earliest stages, it can usually be arrested by prompt and aggressive surgery or radiation, or both. The catch is that early detection has so far proved difficult, not only because men too often avoid rectal examination by the physician's gloved finger, but because available blood tests turn up evidence of malignancy in only more advanced cases.

One important early warning sign of prostatic cancer has been recognized for 40 years: a marked rise in the bloodstream of an enzyme—acid phosphatase—produced by the prostate gland. As the disease progresses, the level continues to rise. The challenge has been to develop tests sensitive and reliable enough to detect the increase before the cancer spreads. Now, in a sudden spurt of research activity at several medical centers, at least two promising new techniques are being tested.

Studying 113 men with prostate cancer, researchers from the Southern California Permanente Medical Group and U.C.L.A. turned to the radioimmunoassay, which can detect incredibly small quantities of biological substances with the help of radioactive tracers. The results: they were able to identify the telltale phosphatase elevation in the blood of 33% of patients in the early, first stage of the disease, 79% of second-stage cases, 71% third stage and 92% of the cases in the fourth and final stage—when the disease is often far too advanced for any hope of cure. By contrast, they report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, the traditional blood test for prostatic cancer, which involves color measurement of a product of the enzyme's activity, identified the rise of enzyme levels in only 12%, 15%, 29% and 60% of their patients at corresponding stages of the disease.

Comparable results have been obtained at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo and Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in Manhattan. There, scientists use the reaction in an electric field between the patient's blood and serum from immunized rabbits to determine acid phosphatase levels.

Some 90% of the prostatic cancers now discovered are diagnosed only after the malignancy has spread beyond the prostate gland. But concludes a *New England Journal* editorial, "The clear indication is that mass screening on the basis of a blood test alone can reverse this gloomy experience." ■

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Religion

"God Sir" at Esalen East

India's ex-sex guru tries instant sanyas

Bald, bearded and photogenic, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh* was once known as India's sex guru. At Mount Abu, the hill resort in Rajasthan where he operated from 1969 to 1974, he dispensed tantric yoga, chanting and meditation. Western pilgrims would sometimes doff all their clothes and wriggle in ecstasy, while the more inhibited Indians stripped down to their underwear. Photographers clicked merrily away without hindrance.

As permissiveness spread, Westerners felt less need to travel to India to shed inhibitions with spiritual sanction. So the swami of sex began tailoring his program to the psychospiritual circuit, catering to graduates of the "human potential" movement who felt that the movement's potential—and their own—had reached a dead end. Refugee experts from encounter groups, Rolfing massage and other please-touch techniques began making the pilgrimage and offering Rajneesh their talents. Since 1974, when the lushly gardened Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh Ashram opened in the sedate city of Poona, more than 50,000 seekers have gone, mostly from the U.S., Britain and West Germany. Among recent visitors: Actor Terence Stamp, Singer Diana Ross and the Marquis of Bath. Now the guru is instructing his best-connected disciple yet: Richard Price, co-founder and director of the Esalen Institute, the very fount of the encounter craze. Price will return to the Big Sur, Calif., center in mid-January to apply the teachings of his new master.

Those teachings are mostly pop-Hinduism and anything-goes homilies. "I don't profess anything," Rajneesh says. The charm seems to lie in the guru's dramatic presence and the hope of an easy way to Eastern enlightenment. In ancient Hindu tradition, a *sanyasi* is a holy man who studies and meditates for years before he renounces the world. The Poona guru offers the blissful state of *sanyas* immediately, and calls it "neo-*sanyas*." Says he: "Westerners want things quickly, so we give it to them right away."

Esalen's Price received his neo-*sanyas* by cable to California. But all others must undergo the elaborate ceremony led by Rajneesh himself. They buy orange robes at the ashram's boutique, then wash thoroughly. No one may approach the asthmatic guru with any trace of dust, perfume or hair oil. Two tall blonde vestals at the gate carefully sniff at all who seek entrance. A single cough during the rite can be the cause for ejection. Then, reports TIME's New Delhi bureau chief, Lawrence Malkin, the screened initiates are placed in the lotus position on the hard terrazzo veranda. Rajneesh enters in a floor-length white robe. One by one, the candidates for instant *sanyas* prostrate themselves before him and receive a 108-bead *mala* (necklace) with the guru's plastic-covered picture dangling like a locket, and a personalized tidbit of wisdom from the guru's lips. (To a psychotherapist: "You will need much work because a psychiatrist is more puzzled in a way than a psychotic. Lose control. Let it happen.") Each apostle also receives a new name. Henceforth Richard Price will be Swami Geet Govind. One unfortunate drew the name Krishna Christ.

GAZDAR—WOODFIN CAMP

At his fashionable ashram in Poona, Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh initiates new disciples

"Westerners want things quickly, so we give it to them right away."

In the initiations and in morning discourses attended by 1,000 or more motionless visitors, Rajneesh is a master of psychodrama. As he explained bluntly to Malkin, "The whole abracadabra is just to console you. It is a toy. The purpose of *sanyas* is so that you go on hanging around, so that a single sound from me, or just a look, will bring you that moment of enlightenment." So potent is that effect that most of the ashram's 200 permanent residents no longer bother to listen to the guru's words. "It's the presence that matters," says one.

The master was born 46 years ago as Rajneesh Chandra Mohan in a small village in Madhya Pradesh province. Raised in the Jain religion, he worked as a journalist, photographer, and teacher of philosophy at Madhya State University before becoming a spiritual master in 1966. Today the Poona center is growing so swiftly that he is looking for roomier quarters. Rajneesh's lectures are taped and turned into a steady stream of books. One title: *Above All, Don't Wobble.* Rajneesh centers now operate in 22 nations.

The staff at Poona, whose only remuneration is free room and board, includes a range of behavior therapists whose services are urged on initiates by the master. Some of their courses are taxing indeed. Ma Prem Amida, who once conducted Arica therapy in the U.S. under the name of Enid Stevens, offers Intensive Enlightenment. Group members sit opposite partners and for 17 hours take turns in five-minute bouts answering the often painful question, "Who am I?" For three days, all other subjects are forbidden.

A week in the presence of "God Sir" can be had for well under $100, including a gourmet vegetarian diet. Typically the Poona seekers are in their late 20s, or older, searching frantically for spiritual answers. Ma Prem Ida, who dropped out after 15 years as a Las Vegas waitress, then tried est, says, "I want to get out of myself, have fun with myself, do what my feelings tell me." A 35-year-old psychotherapist named Tim who practices in the Midwest found his techniques running dry and is searching for what he calls "radical autonomy." America, he says, is "an emotional desert. That's why they come out here." The ashram's new publicist, Swami Krishna Prem, a former Montreal ad writer, says, "We're not really *in* India. We could be anywhere." And save a lot on air fare too. ■

*Roughly translatable as "God Sir" Rajneesh.

Law

Waging War on Legalese

Simplespeak is not so simple

"We will cut down on Government regulations," Jimmy Carter assured his fireside-chat audience last winter, "and we will make sure that those that are written are in plain English for a change." The spark ignited by the President has been slow to take hold. The U.S., after all, is a land flowing with torts and breaches, and much in thrall to the legal profession. But the forces of hereinafter, *res ipsa loquitur* and party of the first part are now clearly on the defensive.

Guerrilla warfare against legalese is busting out all over. For example, the Federal Trade Commission has assigned Language Expert Rudolf Flesch, author of several books on plain English, to redraft some ordinarily impenetrable regulations. Joseph Califano has recently hired Barnard College Political Scientist Inez Smith Reid to improve and simplify Health, Education and Welfare Department prose. Among other agency heads arguing for brevity and clarity, Interstate Commerce Commission Chairman Daniel O'Neal last spring issued an exhortation stating: "English is a remarkably clear, flexible and useful language. We should use it in all our communications."

In December a conference in the nation's capital on regulations in plain English drew 800 participants, most of them Government employees. "Five years ago," said Legal Consultant James Minor, a member of the American Bar Association's committee on legal drafting, "we could have offered solid-gold Cadillacs as door prizes and not attracted 25 people." Wayne Granquist, a Carter appointee in the Office of Management and Budget, called attention to the plight of citizens confronted with bad writing. Until recently, applicants for a Citizens Band radio license were advised: "Except as provided in paragraph (b) of this section, applications, amendments thereto, and related statements of fact required by the Commission shall be personally signed by the applicant ..." In other words, the applicant should sign the form himself.

Private banks and insurance companies have been trying to please customers by writing loan agreements and policy forms in high school-level English. In Massachusetts, State Representative Lois Pines last year pushed through a bill requiring insurance companies to limit their policies to the simplest and clearest language. The state of Michigan now has an "understandable-language bill" under consideration. New York Governor Hugh Carey has signed a bill, to go into effect this spring, providing $50 fines for failure to use "nontechnical language" in consumer contracts.

Fighting a rearguard action, lawyers like to point out that sharp-eyed legal brethren will fairly leap to exploit ambiguities in the simple English. Notes Georgetown Linguist Roger Shuy: "Much of the obtuse, confusing prose is the direct result of misguided attempts to be precise, clear and straightforward." A special committee of the New York County Lawyers Association has already recommended repeal of the new state plain-language law. Committee Chairman Wilbur Friedman predicts that a deluge of new court litigation will be required to sort out exact definitions of the new simple prose. "A camera-store owner could be fined for offering an $f/2$ lens for $75," Friedman notes, unless he also explains to non-camera buffs what an $f/2$ lens is (no easy feat). Hearing-aid manufacturers are already up in arms against Flesch's first FTC regulation revision. "Simple language is great for consumer brochures or explanation of bills," complains Washington Attorney Thomas V. Vakerics, "but you can't expect an industry to operate under third-grade English when the penalty is whopping fines." One of Flesch's proposed revisions commands hearing-aid companies: "Don't say or hint that your product will make or help people hear normally or naturally, or that it will help them get their normal, natural hearing back." In this new version, "hint" has replaced the legal word represent. Says Vakerics: "A $10,000 fine for hinting? Even I can't advise what a vague word like that will mean legally." Observes another attorney in summation: "One man's readable prose may be another man's loophole."

Those arguments have some merit: a worthwhile reformist idea like Carter's can easily come to grief when it's turned into black-letter law. But whether the proposed cure will actually prove worse than the disease is highly questionable. As some critics are fond of noting, the lawyers who point out difficulties posed by simplification are the very people mainly responsible for the current plague of quiddities and quillets in the law. ■

National Bank of Washington advertisement for understandable loan form

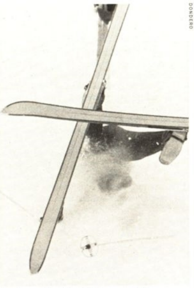
One man's readable prose is another man's loophole.

Abominable Snow Suits

Who is liable on the slopes?

On a frosty morning in early 1974, a novice skier named James Sunday, 20, was working his way through a slow snowplow turn near the intersection of Drifter and Interstate trails on Vermont's Stratton Mountain. One of his ski tips hooked on a bit of snow-covered underbrush, and Sunday fell. He broke his neck and was permanently paralyzed from the shoulders down. He brought suit, and last year a Burlington, Vt., jury found the Stratton Mountain Corp. fully liable for the accident. It awarded Sunday $1.5 million in damages.

Traditionally, claims for ski injuries have been discouraged by the "assumption of risk" doctrine: anyone who chooses to engage in an obviously risky activity normally must take personal responsibility for what happens to him. With about 200,000 accidents a year occurring on the slopes, skiing certainly qualifies as risky activity. But in presiding over the



DONDERO

Losing a skirmish with the mountain

Obviously a risky activity.

Sunday case, Vermont Superior Judge Wynn Underwood, himself an avid skier, refused to allow immediate dismissal "simply because there are some inherent risks in the sport." Ironically, Underwood cited vastly improved maintenance and patrol operations at major ski areas as one reason operators might be held to blame. On such well-groomed slopes, the judge suggested, skiers no longer expect to encounter boulders or stumps and thus can no longer be responsible for assuming that high risks exist in the natural course of things.

Underwood's decision is being appealed this year to the Vermont Supreme Court, and the unfortunate Sunday may never see a cent of his damages. But the case has thrown the nation's ski industry into a tizzy. With rising insurance costs pressing into profits, at least four Vermont ski areas considered shutdowns this year, and one small slope in Underhill Center has remained closed despite generally good snow conditions. At one point, the nation's largest ski insurer, American Home Assurance Co., threatened to cancel its ski-area coverage in Vermont, a move that might have led to wholesale closedowns.

Alarmists are raising the specter of \$25- to \$35-a-day lift tickets. Ski operators, though, have spotted what looks like an easier fix: the passage of special state laws specifying responsibility for accidents. New Hampshire, New Mexico, Washington and Maine already have legislation making the skier responsible for any downhill (as opposed to ski-lift) accidents. This week the Vermont legislature will consider a bill requiring ski operators only to maintain lifts properly and mark all trails and such foreseeable hazards as snow-making hydrants. If it passes, schussers who come to grief will be on their own. ■

Press

Trib Redux

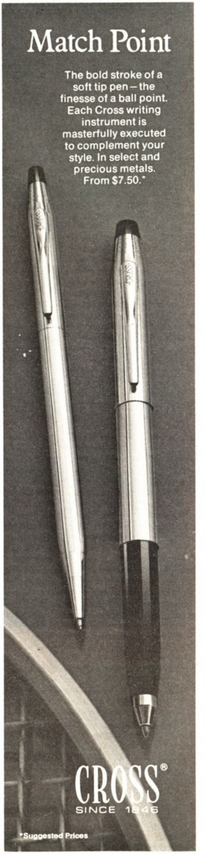
New daily for New York

Among the 3 million New Yorkers who buy a newspaper every morning, there is an enduring mass of mourners for the lively, respectable *Herald Tribune,* which expired in 1966. Or so Publisher Leonard Saffir, 47, devoutly hopes. This week, to compete with the brassy *Daily News* and the New York *Times,* which he has dubbed "fat and stuffy," Saffir begins publishing a new Manhattan morning paper called the *Trib.*

The tabloid (first-year circulation goal: 200,000) is expected to be editorially conservative. Its board of directors includes James Buckley, former Conservative-Republican Senator from New York, whose political aide and consultant Saffir used to be. Ousted as chairman of the board last October was former Secretary of the Treasury William Simon, who Saffir claimed was trying to use the paper to further his own political ambitions. Simon, however, remains a stockholder.

The *Trib* will "fight for a better climate for business," wrote Saffir in a signed editorial appearing in the paper's first edition, because "when profits soar payrolls fatten, jobs increase, happiness spreads." The *Trib* will also "demand a fair policy for labor without self-destructive strikes, brass knuckles and police cordons." Another editorial, on New York's new mayor, Ed Koch, is innocuous. It declares that the paper is neither for him nor against him; it will wait to see how he does. (Presumably, Koch will get good marks at least this week, since he has solemnly proclaimed Jan. 9, the first day of its publication, *Trib* Day.) Besides hard news and sports coverage, the first 72-page issue also contains a number of feature sections on TV, education and the arts that are similar to newsmagazine departments.

The *Trib* has a fresh, modern look, and its newsroom is equipped with the latest in computer terminals, on which copy is fitted and transmitted to its New Jersey printing plant. The slim editorial staff of 77 includes two Pulitzer prizewinners, Managing Editor Fred Sparks and Art Critic Emily Genauer. With only a single bureau—one man in Washington—the new paper will rely heavily on United Press International and Reuters for national and international stories. Its resemblance to the old *Herald Tribune* is largely in name only, and even that is in dispute. The owners of the *International Herald Tribune* want to enjoin the *Trib* from using the *HT's* old nickname. Saffir scoffs at the trademark-violation charge but fears that if he loses the name, his paper is sunk. ■



Music

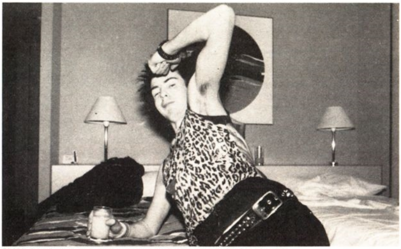
The Sex Pistols Are Here

The pioneers of punk rock do not quite burn Atlanta

As the four musicians straggled toward the plane at London's Heathrow Airport last week, it was clear from their appearance that they were not just another Top 40 act. They spat in the air, hurled four-letter words (the mildest was "scum") at the photographers and with malevolent glares set off shivers in their fellow travelers. Said one woman passenger in disbelief: "What are we flying with —a load of animals?" No, just the Sex Pistols living up to their bad-boy reputation as the prophets of British punk rock.

CHRISTOPHER LITTLE—CAMERA 5

Johnny Rotten belts it out in Atlanta



Sid Vicious hoists one during moment of relaxation in his hotel room

Living up to a bad-boy reputation, but placating the vice squad.

Two nights later in Atlanta, Lead Singer Johnny Rotten opened the first concert on their first tour of the U.S. by announcing: "You can all stop staring at us and just relax and have some fun." Sure enough, the Pistols' American debut was a tame, almost respectable happening. Johnny did not throw empty beer bottles at the audience. All he did was blow his nose a lot. Guitarist Steve Jones did not vomit, though in the past he has proved he has the stomach for it. Nor did Bassist Sid Vicious sputter forth more than a few four-letter words. Sid did manage to draw cheers when he removed his shirt and revealed the torso of a 90-lb. weakling. Both Vicious and Rotten sported hairdos that looked as if they had been blow-dried in a wind tunnel or plugged into a preamp.

The Pistols' unwonted decorum may have been imposed by the presence out front of the Atlanta vice squad. After all, the Pistols had caused a scandal on British TV a year ago with their vile language. They had been fired by two record companies, locked out by most of Britain's major rock clubs and concert halls, reviled for a song calling the Queen a moron during the Silver Jubilee celebration and castigated nearly everywhere for their world-class grossness. Just two weeks ago, in fact, their entry into the U.S. had been temporarily denied—and four concerts canceled—because members of the group had minor criminal records. But no reprovals were necessary at the Great South East Music Hall (capacity 500), which is located in an Atlanta shopping center. Vicious' worst offense offstage came from his penchant for flagrant free enterprise. He cheekily charged reporters for interviews, asking what he thought the traffic would bear but settling for as little as $2.

Their calculated insults and obscenities are part of the image of the Pistols as a pioneering force in the movement known variously as punk rock or new wave. In Britain, punk is the voice (some would say vice) of working-class kids who cannot find jobs and care not a whit for the traditions of their homeland. In the U.S. the movement is more purely musical: groups like the Ramones, Talking Heads, Television and Richard Hell and the Voidoids have rejected the rococo sophistication of much 1970s rock and turned back to basic buzz and blast.

Heard on records, the Sex Pistols' music is primitive, purposely repetitive, less melodic than the American brand. In person the Pistols' antics add to the entertainment, if one enjoys a little gutter rebellion and a lot of depleted expectations. Rotten, Vicious, Jones and Drummer Paul Cook are only in their early 20s, but they have mastered the art of the 1950s pelvic thrust completely. Rotten is the live shell: an emaciated, electric figure who jumps from simian crouch to arm-swinging swirl to Groucho Marx prowl. Dissolving a coy smile into a demonic leer, he half snarls, half shouts the notorious *Anarchy in the U.K.*:

I am an antichrist
I am an anarchist
Don't know what I want
But I know how to get it
I want to destroy

Tour openings any place, let alone in a foreign country, are tough moments for even the mightiest of rock groups. The Atlanta crowd was not knocked breathless by the Pistols, but they obviously had some of the fun Rotten urged upon them. It was not a typical punk assemblage of street-wise rowdies, although one fellow showed up with a safety pin punched through his cheek. The kids pelted the performers with a friendly barrage of crumpled paper cups and, as the Pistols' big beat went on, twisted and swayed on their feet. They had no choice: the place had been designed without seats to encourage informality and mingling. Imagine, no furniture to break up! Punk *aficionados* could only hope that things would get worse. ■

People

"I'm getting a little long in the tooth to be an ingénue," says **Kathryn Crosby,** 44. But **Bing's** widow finds acting a catharsis. "Twenty-four hours a day sounds about right," says Crosby, who made a dozen or so films before her marriage in 1957. This week she sets out on a nationwide, 65-city roadshow tour of the two-character Broadway hit *Same Time, Next Year*. Her role: Doris, a faithful adultress who for more than two decades has an annual meeting with the same lover. "If **Betsy Palmer** gets tired of playing Doris on Broadway, I'm available at the end of April," Crosby quips. If not, she hopes to get another role in London's West End. Is she scared? Well, yes, but that's nothing new. Says she: "Standing beside Bing Crosby on a stage with a microphone could make one a little nervous."

■

Clowning around with a few fey blades, **Dorothy Hamill** can't help kicking up her skates in glee. "I love it," she bubbles about her stint with the Ice Capades. "Competition is just you and the record and the judges' marks," the Olympic gold-medal winner explains. "But an ice show is for entertainment, lots of glitter and fairy tale and fantasy." When her glitter days are over, Dorothy hopes to teach skating to blind and handicapped youngsters. "If they're blind, you hold their hand," she says. "Soon they're skating just like anyone else." Well, not like Dorothy.

■

Having a backyard ski slope gives **Susan Blakely** *(The Towering Inferno)* a lift. Installed in the driveway of her Los Angeles home, the fake flakes on her port-a-slope enable the model-turned-actress to prepare for her new movie role as a ballet skier. Susan, 28, is taking lessons in 360° turns and crossovers. The script of the film, *Free Style,* is "heavy and touching," she says. It is about a world champion ballet skier who feels she is past her prime, too old to ski. Her age: 23.


MARTHA SWOPE

Crosby in *Same Time, Next Year*


STEVE JAFFE

Snowing her California neighbors, Blakely practices on her driveway

Hamill and friends cavort in the world of fairy tale and glitter

■

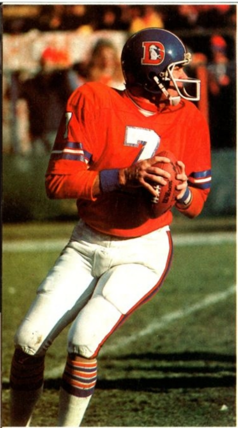
His appearance, wrote scribes of the era, was "cadaverous," and there was something so supernatural about 19th century Violin Virtuoso **Nicolò Paganini** "that one looked for a glimpse of a cloven hoof or an angel's wing." Onstage, the maestro would often contort his body into bizarre stances. His tours de force, like playing a pizzicato accompaniment with his left hand while bowing with his right, prompted audiences to whisper that Paganini was in league with the devil. But alas, he was merely mortal, according to an article in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. The violinist, writes Dr. Myron Schoenfeld of Scarsdale, N.Y., probably suffered from a disease called Marfan's syndrome. The signs: elastic joints and long fingers with "an extraordinary range of motion." The diagnosis, says Schoenfeld, also explains the most devilish part of the Paganini puzzle: how he could perform so dazzlingly without ever being known to practice.

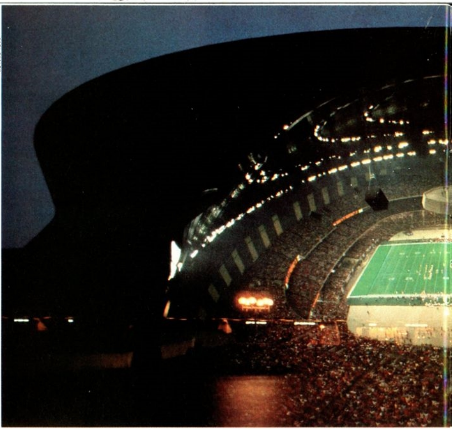
On the Record

Julian Bond, who hopes to give up his seat in the Georgia state legislature and become a television commentator, on possible compensation: "I was pleased with what Miss Walters got."

Red Auerbach, president of the Boston Celtics, explaining why it took him so long to replace Coach Tom Heinsohn (with Tom Sanders): "I love the guy. I've known him 20 years, and he still sells me insurance."

Edwin Newman, NBC news commentator, arguing that television reporters inject themselves too much into interviews: "We ought in some sense to encourage thought. I'm saying we ought to make an effort to shut up."





Denver Quarterback Craig Morton (left) meets his old Dallas foe, Quarterback Roger Staubach (right), in a close encounter for the Super Bowl

Sport

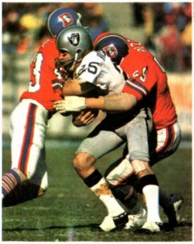
COVER STORY

It's Denver and Dallas

Broncomania v. *Cowboy cool in the Superdome*

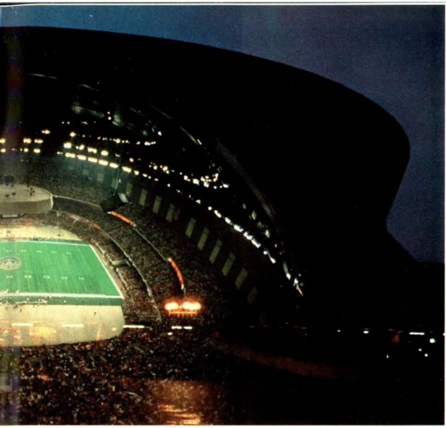
It is Super Bowl time, and the tale of two cities, Denver and Dallas, is shouted antiphonally from towering stadium tiers: It is the best of times! It is the best of times! It is the season for bumper stickers and bunting and bragging in bars, for celebration and civic pride. Time for whimsy and WE'RE NO.1!, for good cheer and bad bets. It is a time warp, where the young dream of growing up and the old remember youth, and in the delirious identification with a winning football team, neither fantasy nor reminiscence seems foolish. The game becomes a bond strong enough to unite, however temporarily, the disparate elements of an urban society. In Dallas and in Denver, where football is a passion, not a fancy, the trip to the Super Bowl is a municipal journey.

The towns love their teams fiercely, each in its own style, and the teams, in turn, reflect in a measure the characters of their cities. Denver, wild and woolly jumping-off point for prospectors, outfitting depot for dreams. It mattered nothing that a man could scratch and sift his way through grubstake after grubstake without success. The lodes were somewhere out there in the Rockies for the patient and the tenacious. The fevered sport of searching for gold and silver is the original version of "Wait 'til next year!"



Orange Crush Denver defense at work
At last they have an offense to match.

So it was for the Denver Broncos and their loyal, long-suffering fans. The Broncos had been the door mat of pro football —13 straight years before they fashioned a winning season. But with more true grit than could be found in the poorest prospector's pan, Denver fans turned out to cheer their team. The Broncos have sold out every home game played in the '70s, and every year the list of masochists ordering season tickets grew by the thousands. This year, the faithful finally struck the mother lode, division title, American Conference championship, a berth in the Super Bowl.



title in New Orleans' spectacular Superdome, shown here inside and out in a remarkable double exposure

Dallas is a trader's town, a place for shrewd operators from the time of its founding in 1840, on a likely river crossing, by a canny settler of the Texas Republic's northern Indian frontier. Roads and rails soon branched away from the site, and Dallas began to do big business in buying, selling, managing and shipping the goods of the Southwest. In succession came buffalo hides, cotton, wheat and oil, banks to make loans for a percentage of the profits and insurance companies to underwrite them. It is a city of wealth wrought with sharp pencils and calculating minds.

The Dallas Cowboys were put together in the same manner, with a loan officer's eye for the sure, steady return and an actuary's fetish for minutiae. Formed the same year as the Broncos, the Cowboys have been, over the past 18 seasons, the most successful team in football. Dallas devised a computerized scouting system that catalogued the requirements of the sport in fractions of inches and split seconds. The Cowboys have turned up blue-chip players with clockwork regularity, including prospects found in fields foreign to the gridiron. Track stars, basketball players —not to mention the occasional Heisman Trophy winner—have contributed to the impressive return on Dallas' investments: the play-offs eleven times in the past twelve years, five National Conference titles, one Super Bowl championship.

Denver and Dallas, Broncos and Cowboys, the upstarts *v.* the Establishment. This Sunday's meeting in the Superdome in New Orleans offers a symbolic asymmetry that the big bowl has not known since Joe Namath's cocky New York Jets humbled the mighty Baltimore Colts in 1969. Denver Coach Red Miller, ebullient and emotional, is in his first year as a head coach after wandering in the desert of long-ignored assistant coaches. Tom Landry, stoic and single-minded, is the only head coach the Cowboys have ever known (his 18-year tenure surpasses his closest rival in job security, Bud Grant of the Vikings, by seven years). Bronco

Dallas' Tony Dorsett eyeballs a defender

The occasional Heisman winner helps.

Quarterback Craig Morton is a Cowboy reject, the Dallas starting quarterback until Semi-Peerless Roger Staubach unseated him. In their locker room after beating the defending Super Bowl Champion Oakland Raiders for the A.F.C. title, the Broncos were ecstatic, scarcely believing the dream had come true. Shouts, cheers and champagne washed their victory. When the Cowboys filed into their redoubt after their N.F.C. title win over Minnesota, there was no raucous celebration and no bubbly wasted by the cool young professionals from Dallas. And in their cities . . . well, Denver fans went berserk, while the Dallas fans, accustomed to such moments, took the win in quietly appreciative stride and started looking for hotel rooms in New Orleans.

The outburst in Denver's Mile High Stadium after the Super Bowl slot had been assured was the peaking of a fever that has raged this fall in the Rockies, leaving all of its victims colored a resonant orange. The team color has banished every other hue from the spectrum in Denver. T shirts, scarves, pins, sweaters, radios, coats, can openers, beer mugs, the hair on otherwise-sane heads and Christmas trees have been dyed to match the Broncos' Orange. Defensive End Lyle Alzado, star of the A.F.C.'s best defensive unit, an indefatigable worker in community projects and perhaps the team's most popular player, mused: "Who the hell would want an orange Christmas tree? I sure wouldn't." Enough Denverites did, however, to strip the shelves of spray paint. And the distributor for the sweet

RICH CLARKSON

Denver cheerleader entreats mountain lords

STAVER AND SCOTT

After 18 long years of waiting, the miracle happens in Mile High Stadium

soft drink that bears the fortunate—not to mention cleverly exploited—appellation, Orange Crush, has had to hire 20 additional employees to meet the demand.

Season Ticket Holder Charlie Goldberg is the man who started painting the town orange in 1971. Goldberg bought bolts of orange cloth, cut them into strips and distributed them to fans at the gate before a game against the San Diego Chargers. The gesture was made to express support for then-Head Coach Lou Saban, whose family was abused by disappointed fans. Says Goldberg: "By God, the Broncos went out and beat the hell out of them, then the next week, went and zipped Cleveland." A monochrome mania was born. It found voice when Running Back John Keyworth warbled a ditty into a bullet on the Denver charts: *Make Those Miracles Happen.*

For the conference championship game, Goldberg had another morale booster up his sleeve. Since his company had a contract to demolish a twelve-story building in Denver's downtown, Goldberg had the three-ton ball on his wrecking crane painted orange and hung a sign on the side of the building with OAKLAND painted in huge letters on it. A crowd of hundreds gathered to watch and cheer the destruction. The darker side: when a man walked into a bar and turned on the jukebox during a televised Bronco game, he got into a frenzied argument with irate fans, one of them followed him into a parking lot, shot and killed him, and wounded two companions.

Even the city's traffic patterns have been disrupted. Aside from the fact that an eye-aching number of cars, trucks—even a city bus—have been repainted orange, the police must be called out to keep traffic moving on the roads surrounding the Broncos' practice field. But nothing has been upset as much as the city's image of itself and its team. Bronco Co-Owner Gerry Phipps attributes the mania to "a little inferiority complex that people in the city have. It's their way of saying, 'Hey, look at us!' "

The successful Bronco season has catapulted Denver onto the national sports map. Professional team sports are a recent graft on the Rocky Mountain identity. The National Basketball Association Denver Nuggets, while a solid team, are known as the place where former North Carolina State Superstar David Thompson disappeared. A hockey franchise new to the town is struggling with expansion team woes, and a planned sale of the Oakland A's to Denver Oilman Marvin Davis awaits the outcome of Round 57 in the Charlie Finley–Bowie Kuhn brouhaha.

But the Broncos, ah, the Broncos are the Mets of the Mountains. Theirs is a Cinderella story to catch the fancy of underdog rooters everywhere and stamp a presence on the national mind as copper bright and shiny as a new penny from the Denver Mint. It is exquisite, this first flirtation with a world championship of sport. No matter how often it may recur, it will never again be so sweet. It excuses the excesses and lifts the hearts of all who look on and recall.

The long wait and the wonder of it all swelled for the team and its fans in the final moments of the Oakland game. The vanguard of 74,982 fans (they booed the 62 no-shows ex cathedra) swarmed onto the field, tore down supposedly

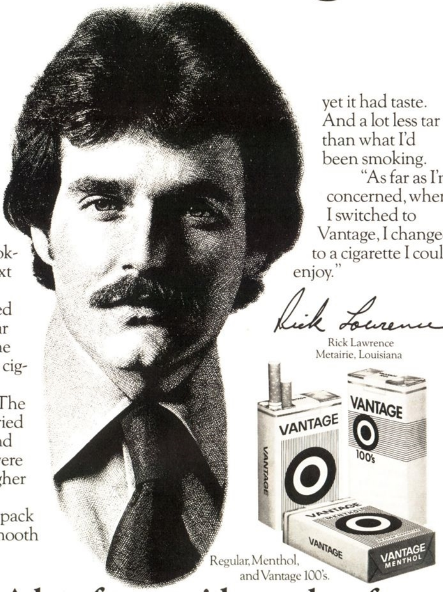
ROBERT STRAUS

Dallas' attention to detail pays off, and the scrutiny extends to cheerleaders

Roger Staubach signing for his fans

© 1978—R J REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."



"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

indestructible steel goal posts and carted them away, but not before the long shank of one upright had been passed around by reverent hands, an instant relic of Denver's new religion. Below, players dawdled on the field to wave their exultation to adoring fans in the stands. In the locker room later, Offensive Guards Tom Glassic and Paul Howard sat stunned, reassuring one another that it was not some dizzying hallucination. "Tom, we are going to the Super Bowl," Howard intoned. "We are not going to be watching it on TV this year." Replied Glassic: "I'm too numb to understand that."

Coach Red Miller understood. At 50, he had gypsied around the pros for 17 years as an offensive coordinator, the eternal bridesmaid who devised ways to put points on another man's scoreboard. Feisty and indisputably tough, he was a trench slugger, a coach who did his demonstrating amid the sweat and grunting on the field, as well as at the blackboard. During one such session this year, he split open his forehead knocking his unprotected head against the helmet of 280-lb. Offensive Tackle Claudie Minor. But he was also a jokester who regularly inserted a trick play, say a quadruple reverse, to confound the defensive starters during practice sessions, providing his players with a few moments of grass-rolling laughter at their teammates' expense.

He was passed over as head coach for such antics and a tendency to hoist a beer and become close to his players. Says Miller: "I was a free spirit. I operated on a different wave length than most coaches. I was highly excitable, and I'd get down in the pits with the players. I think some owners thought I was too exuberant. Too

Superdome Named Desire

Just as New Orleans hit upon jazz, the only unique American contribution to art, and hit upon it almost by accident and despite itself, it could also hit upon the way out of the hell which has overtaken the American city.

—Novelist Walker Percy, in *Harper's*, 1968

New Orleans may just be doing that today. Its hopes of a renaissance-on-the-Mississippi rest heavily on a single building. That is, the Louisiana Superdome, the arena for the Super Bowl clash between Dallas and Denver. It has been called, variously and hyperbolically, the eighth wonder of the world, the most usable public facility ever designed, the structure that will make all other existing stadiums as obsolete as Rome's Colosseum. It is, claim Orleanians, "the domedest thing you ever saw," "the classiest sportin' house in the world" and "the Miracle on Poydras Street."

TED THAI

Like a happily defected UFO or a gargantuan soufflé

Mushrooming 273 ft. into the skyline, sited in 52 acres of the central business district, the copper-toned Superdome looks like a happily defected UFO, or—more to Orleanians' tastes—a gargantuan cheese soufflé. Inside, despite a decidedly sublunary décor, the building is a mechanical marvel, capable of seating in air-conditioned comfort the entire populations of Andorra, Liechtenstein and Monaco, with room left over for a couple of football teams, four trade exhibitions, a dog show and a few hundred ushers, guards and food vendors. Or, as Orleanians never fail to point out, it could swallow Houston's Astrodome with hardly a burp.

The building could fill a page in *The Guinness Book of World Records*. The largest enclosed stadium in the world, it boasts a 9.7-acre roof, 9,000 tons of air conditioning, 32 escalators, ten elevators and 88 rest rooms. It has served more sit-down dinners in one place than any other caravansary in history: 65,000 meals in three days (Creole chicken, stuffed flounder and meat loaf) to the Lutheran Youth Gathering in August 1976. It has the world's largest roll-up rug, a 126,851-sq.-ft., zippered greensward of AstroTurf that the locals fondly call Mardi Grass. Also the biggest set of TV tubes: six superscreens, each 22 ft. wide by 26 ft. high, suspended from a 75-ton gondola, which afford the farthest-out viewer in the cheapest, loftiest seat a closeup of a cheerleader or an instant replay of a football fumble.

The elliptically shaped main arena (known as a "squircle") can be switched from a football stadium that can seat 76,791 Super Bowl fans to a compact configuration for 20,000 basketball rooters. Automated bleachers move on rails from the east side of the dome toward the permanently anchored stands on the west side, while other stands move in from either end to surround the basketball court, bringing the closest seat to within 9 ft. of the action.

Thus, like Alice in a concrete Wonderland, the squircle can grow or shrink to accommodate such varied attractions as the circus, opera, ice shows, rock concerts, religious rallies and national conventions.

Last year the biggest-ever Lions International convention in the U.S. brought more than 40,000 people to the dome for five days. Even when it was not in use, guided tours of the megastructure packed in 200,000 visitors last year at $2.50 a head. The building's varied facilities lured 73,350 convention delegates to New Orleans.

The financial impact of the Superdome is felt far beyond its walls. The average Super Bowl patron will, by conservative estimate, spend $100 a day. The dome last year directly generated more than $2 million in tax revenues, plus an estimated $3 million from a 4% city hotel/motel tax that was levied to help pay for the behemoth. Thus while the building ran $5.5 million in the red, it brought in more than lagniappe to the local economy.

One indication of the Superdome's viability is that Abram Nicholas Pritzker agreed last July to take over management of the dome. A.N. Pritzker and his family are among the nation's biggest landowners. Their holdings in the Hyatt hotel chain (76 in the U.S., 24 abroad) are only part of their wealth. With an $80 million stake in the Hyatt across the street, the 82-year-old Pritzker created the Hyatt Management Corp. to run the building and installed as its president Denzil Skinner, 50, a crisp, urbane executive who had spent 19 years running public assembly areas from Virginia to Indiana. Skinner has virtually halved the staff, and replaced politically appointed executives and contractors with trained managers. "What can be done with this building," says Skinner, "is limited only by the imagination."

It is, of course, primarily a sports palace, and team owners love the place. Barry Mendelson, 34, New York–born executive vice president of the Jazz, points out that "there was no real longtime legacy of pro basketball in the South." Yet the club has broken N.B.A. attendance records five times. The football Saints, whose mundane performance on the field is partially offset by their spectacular half-time shows, are also incurable domophiles, and have a ten-year lease on the Poydras palazzo.

The dome's most important contribution to New Or-

many coaches believe you just play the game. I happen to feel the opposite. I believe you play the game with emotion. I enjoy life. They couldn't identify with me." When his chance came at Denver, he toned down the off-field activities in favor of ceaseless preparation: "I haven't had a drink in about a year. I'm not saying I will never drink again, but I stopped as a matter of self-discipline."

If Miller needed discipline, the Broncos needed it more. After last season, a dozen players sent a petition to Co-Owner Phipps expressing their lack of confidence in then-Coach John Ralston. An already solid defensive unit carped at the woefully inadequate offense. The center did not hold. They had climbed to a 9-5 record, but believed they could have done better. Says Wide Receiver Haven Moses: "We knew we had the people to win, but we had no direction, no someone or something to pull it together. We had to have someone to crack the whip." Lyle Alzado describes the initial, outwardly insignificant lash: "The first day of training camp, Miller pointed to the soda and candy machines and said he didn't want us to bring any of that stuff into the meetings because it would disturb our concentration. He looked at us for a second and screamed, 'I mean it!' " End of munchies in meetings.

The arrival of Quarterback Craig Morton in a trade with the New York Giants injected stability on-field to match Miller's sideline command. Haven Moses on Morton: "Last year we had no one in the huddle who would take charge. Craig has given us that added dimension, offensive motivation. When we get behind, we know that he is still capable of

TED THAI

Hyatt Management Corp. President Denzil Skinner

TED THAI

Fans at the Stadium Club bar overlooking arena

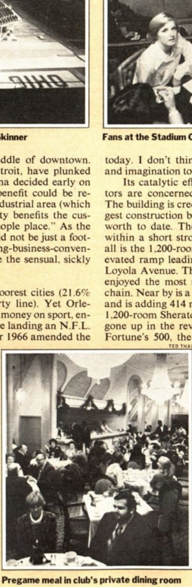
leans is its location: smack in the middle of downtown. Whereas some other cities, notably Detroit, have plunked sports stadiums in the suburbs, Louisiana decided early on that the dome's maximum economic benefit could be realized by placing it in a seedy, archaic industrial area (which is no more). Most of all, its accessibility benefits the customer; indeed, it was designed as a "people place." As the plans evolved, it was agreed that it would not be just a football palace, but a multipurpose sporting-business-convention-cultural center that could revitalize the sensual, sickly Blanche DuBois of cities.

New Orleans is one of the nation's poorest cities (21.6% of its citizens live below the poverty line). Yet Orleanians and visitors have always lavished money on sport, entertainment, betting and booze. To assure landing an N.F.L. franchise, Louisiana voters in November 1966 amended the constitution and overwhelmingly approved a $35 million bond issue to finance the dome. The cost subsequently rose to $163 million.

As a result, the project stirred controversy as hot and heavy as a tabascoed gumbo. However, as silver-haired Mayor Moon Landrieu, one of the dome's founding fathers, points out, interminable legal challenges and investigations failed to produce a single indictment or even a documented charge of hanky-panky (though in Huey Long country it is hard to believe some politicians did not profit, at least indirectly, from the project). However, Le Maire insists, "Only politicians could have put this thing together. It could never have been built by a blue ribbon commission. Sure, we made mistakes, but I think history will vindicate us. The dome would cost $500 million to build today. I don't think any other city will have the courage and imagination to build anything like it again."

Its catalytic effect is manifest. As far as outside investors are concerned, it is The Superdome Named Desire. The building is credited to a considerable extent for the biggest construction boom in New Orleans history: $1.5 billion worth to date. There are now 10,000 quality hotel rooms within a short stroll of the dome. The most convenient of all is the 1,200-room Hyatt Regency, which has a broad elevated ramp leading to the Superdome's second level over Loyola Avenue. There is a new 1,200-room Hilton that has enjoyed the most successful first year of any hotel in the chain. Near by is a 42-story Marriott, which has 1,000 rooms and is adding 414 more. It will be topped by a new 50-story, 1,200-room Sheraton. Four major new office buildings have gone up in the revivified district. Only one corporation in Fortune's 500, the Lykes shipping and steel concern, has headquarters in New Orleans (*v.* ten in Houston, four in Atlanta) but this, too, may change if this exuberant, graceful city can reassert its unique identity.

TED THAI



Pregame meal in club's private dining room

For "the city that care forgot," tourism has traditionally been the second biggest money-spinner after its port, the nation's second busiest. The French Quarter, its major magnet, is a trap, not an attraction, a mart of sleazy sex shows, watered whisky and jaded jazz. However, New Orleans still has some of the best restaurants in the U.S., and some elegant hotels outside the dome area (most notably, the Pontchartrain), which theoretically can only get better with the influx of well-heeled visitors that Superdome events are attracting.

If it takes French bread and circuses to lead New Orleans out of hell, let the game go on.

pulling it out." Morton was the 26th man to step into the Broncos' revolving quarterback door in 18 years. A much-maligned performer during twelve frustrating seasons in Dallas and New York, he is now Denver's once and future king.

The Broncos' offense is still far from an inexorable machine, but Miller's innovative strategy superbly complements Morton's skills, and the team can now capitalize on the good field position that the Orange Crush defense constantly wrests in fumbles and interceptions.

Craig Morton, reborn quarterback and newlywed, arose at 6 a.m. on the morning of his first Super Bowl practice since 1971 (when he was a Dallas Cowboy). "I just sat alone for two hours thinking about it. When my wife, Susie, and I were having breakfast, I said to her, 'Hey, you know, we're going to the Super Bowl.' I'm just beginning to realize it, and I'm excited." Looking to a bright future at age 34, Morton plans to buy a house in Denver and settle down for the first time since he left Dallas. "I hope they keep me here for a while."

A large measure of credit for Morton's success in Denver can be traced to his days as a Dallas Cowboy, which ended only after Lieut. (j.g.) Roger Staubach, U.S.N. (ret.) took away his command in the huddle. It was in Dallas under Coach Tom Landry that Morton polished his skills in running a complex offense. Much of the sophisticated strategy that marks modern football was devised in Landry's fertile mind. For beneath the ubiquitous hat a size too small, behind the stony visage, resides a genius of the game. As a player-coach in the 1950s, Landry refined the 4-3 defense, using a slide rule to work out the odds on given plays in given situations. His Cowboys play the most intricately calibrated football—on both offense and defense—ever concocted.

Landry once sold insurance, so he is quite at home in Dallas, one of the country's major insurance centers. As any good actuary should, he relentlessly computes the possibilities and probabilities that govern the chaotic life span of a football game. His much-remarked-upon stoic sideline demeanor (Don Rickles: "There's 70,000 people going bananas and there's Tom Landry trying to keep his hat on straight") is a reflection of his calculating soul. Explains Wide Receiver Golden Richards: "He is not aware of the moment because he is thinking two plays ahead of the rest of us."

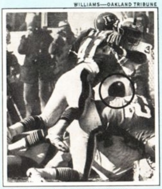
The legend in Dallas is that Cowboy Owner Clint Murchison bought a computer company solely to complement and exploit his coach's style. Whatever the case, one of the electronic brains was soon harnessed to answer a difficult question: Which young men could play successfully under Landry's byzantine flex defense and multiple offense? At Cowboy

Now for the Zebras . . .

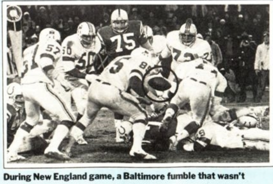
Their identities will be kept secret until 48 hours before the Super Bowl kickoff. If they are lucky, no one will remember a single one of the six when the game is over. They are the game officials, part-timers, in real life accountants, schoolteachers, salesmen and executives, whose only claim to football fame can be infamy. This year's Super Bowl officiating crew will be operating in the unwelcome glare of a spotlight created by two highly debatable, and debated, calls made by their colleagues in two crucial games—most notably the A.F.C. title match. Both calls involved plays that when viewed—and viewed, viewed, viewed—in instant replay, appeared to be goal-line fumbles. The combination of televised second-guessing, N.F.L. stonewalling and coaches complaining, perhaps alibiing, has brought the striped-shirt arbiters a notoriety they would just as soon had passed them by.

This year's Super Bowl zebras will, as always, be an all-star cast, chosen by N.F.L. Supervisor of Officials Art McNally and his staff after watching game films and grading performances. The referee, linesman, head linesman, umpire, field judge and back judge who rate number one will get to call the big one this Sunday. Two retired N.F.L. referees who have been there before, Norm Schachter (three Super Bowls) and Tommy Bell (two Super Bowls), last week reflected on the techniques and pratfalls of the official's craft:

WILLIAMS—OAKLAND TRIBUNE



Denver's Rob Lytle coughs it up



During New England game, a Baltimore fumble that wasn't

Schachter on Super Bowl preparation On the Friday before the game, the crew meets with McNally and goes over all the mechanics, just like a pregame conference. They will go over what each guy does in certain situations, the things they have to be careful about. But not the teams; we never discuss the teams. We never say, "Watch Dallas' right tackle or Denver's tight end." However, if you have been around any length of time, nobody has to tell you about the players. I know them as well as their coaches—their mannerisms, their problems, their strengths.

Bell on the pros and cons of instant replay I've always contended that it's the greatest thing that ever happened to the pro officials. Whereas before the fans just *knew* the official was cheating their team, now they run the instant replay and they say, "By gosh, he's right." You can't beat the old human eye. If the Government was right that many times, the country would be in a lot better shape.

Schachter I have no hangup about getting help on a call. But I wouldn't like to see an official say, "Hey, that was a tough call; let me see the instant replay."

Schachter on the disputed calls I saw one of them while I was in the hospital. I told the nurse that the official probably wished he was in the hospital with me.

Bell on the boo birds Sure, it's a tendency for the home team; any time a tough call goes against their team, they are going to boo. That's natural. That's what they pay their money for.

Schachter I told my nine-year-old son after a game that I didn't take booing personally and I didn't want him to take it personally, either. He said, "Wait a minute. I was booing, too. You blew that call. I do take it personally." From then on, he bought his own ticket.

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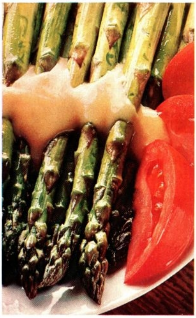

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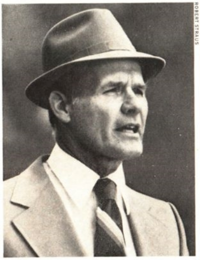
headquarters, part of the basement and a full wall upstairs are lined with 1,500 big black ledgers that detail the size, speed, strength and character of every professional football prospect known to man, God and the truly all-seeing and all-knowing: the Cowboys' scouts. Players from the franchise's early days recall a computer expert hired in 1962 to begin research on a programming system sophisticated enough to factor in all of the countless variables. On team flights after games, the weary players tried to sleep while the frustrated computer whiz pored over his charts, periodically jolting his fellow passengers to wakefulness. "Desire!" he would scream. "Desire!" He never did figure out how to program that intangible.

Nonetheless, enough quantifiable information reached the computers to make Dallas the most consistently formidable club in football. Cowboy free-agent success stories are legendary. The current favorite: All-Pro Safety Cliff Harris from that renowned football hotbed Ouachita (Ark.) Baptist


ROBERT STRAUS

Dallas Cowboys Coach Tom Landry
An innovator behind a stony visage.

College. Fully half of the Dallas first-round draft picks over the years have been All-Pros.

For years the Cowboys appeared to have as much personality as a flat Texas landscape. Too computerized, too efficient, too heartless. Their presence on the football field was as chilling as a ranch-house visit from a cold-eyed Dallas banker holding an overdue mortgage. But just as the years tamed the ostentation of Dallas wealth, so has success slowly transformed the Cowboy image. The coldness has become cool professionalism, with a soupçon of eccentricity. The Cowboys have become the glamour team of pro football, home to the dazzling rookie with the accent on the second syllable, Dor*sett*. In the old days, nicknaming a Dallas player consisted of calling Defensive Tackle Robert Lilly "Bob." Now the Cowboys boast "Manster" Linebacker Randy White (for each of the things he is half of) and the bookend defensive ends, Ed "Too Tall" Jones and Harvey "Too Mean" Martin. Then there is Tom "Hollywood" Henderson, who, during the off-season, dated one of the Pointer Sisters.

Even Landry has loosened somewhat. He has begun to pass an idle word or two with his players, and—to the wonderment of sportscasters sitting boggled before their monitors—was recently seen to smile. Two plays ahead in his head or not, he now walks over to pat a player on the back after a big play, occasionally. He is no Red Miller, to be sure. Once, when former Dallas Quarterback and Prankster Don Meredith had his teammates laughing during practice, Landry's perspective on such doings was firmly spelled out: "Gentlemen, nothing funny ever happens on the football field."

Landry's wit, dry and ironic, is saved for sportswriters and for speaking engagements that help the Cowboys' thoroughgoing public relations campaign. The same sense of detail that marks computerized scouting can be found in every phase of the Cowboy operation. The N.F.L.'s largest radio network, 133 stations, beams Cowboy games from Key West, Fla., to Thousand Oaks, Calif. A weekly newspaper published by the club has a lavish freebie list—including college trainers, so that prospects hanging around waiting for the whirlpool will have the Cowboys to read about.

Anything the rest of the world can do, Dallas can do bigger and better is a local creed that pervades everything from the palatial mansions of Highland Park and the outrageously expensive bagatelles of Neiman-Marcus to the ample, amply displayed busts of the famous Cowboy cheerleaders. Other teams have cheerleaders, but none has chosen them with so much care as Dallas—and then put them in uniforms with so little cloth. Nearly 700 women try out each fall for the 36 low-neckline, high-kicking jobs. While the Chosen Ones receive little pay ($15 per game), they get more air time than many a television star as cameramen focus in when anything short of a touchdown is happening onfield.

Since the Denver cheerleaders are drawn from lithe, ski-slope-burnished Rocky Mountain womanhood, a substantial showdown will occur this Sunday on the Superdome sidelines as well as between the goal lines. It could be more exciting than the game, which—if this year's Super Bowl follows the soporific pattern of recent years—may be a dogged defensive struggle. Certainly Denver's strategy will center on its magnificent 3-4 Orange Crush. When asked whom the Cowboys feared most among that band, Landry replied: "All eleven guys. They play as if they were backed into a corner and fighting to get out." Dallas' flex 4-3 defense, led by N.F.L. Defensive Player of the Year Harvey Martin, is hardly a pushover either. The fracas in the trenches could be the deciding factor.

Still, there could be pyrotechnics on offense as both coaches search for the quick-strike, unpredictable play. Red Miller has been known to gamble on fourth down; a faked field goal against Oakland during a regular-season match-up resulted in the touchdown. That fact is less amazing than the target of the completed pass from Holder-Backup Quarterback Norris Weese: venerable Kicker Jim Turner, 36, who is enough of a football fossil to wear high-top black shoes. It was the first pass reception of his 14-year pro career. Landry has inserted special big plays into his offense for three late-season games, and each one has produced a touchdown. Most experts rate both coaches as the best offensive planners in the game, and the match of wits between them could be explosive.

In a real sense, a team picture of the


RICH CLARKSON

Denver Broncos Coach Red Miller
Tough, ebullient and a gambler.

Denver Broncos and the Dallas Cowboys is a family album in shoulder pads. They are the offspring of their cities and their coaches. Roistering Red Miller and Man-with-a-New-Grubstake Craig Morton are the kind of frontier dreamers old Denverites would have appreciated. Cerebral, straight-thinking Tom Landry and All-American Technician Roger Staubach are the steady, main-chance men that made Dallas Big D. These two very different teams from two very different Western cities will shoot it out in the most spectacular corral ever built. The teams and the setting are unique. Before Super Bowl XII is over, the showdown could turn into a show stirring the mountains, the prairies and all the watching football lands beyond. ■

Books

Passions in a Darkened Mirror

ELIZABETH BOWEN *by Victoria Glendinning. Knopf; 332 pages; $12.50*

Author Elizabeth Bowen was born in 1899 and died in 1973. The generous expanse of her life was even greater than the raw dates suggest. Her earliest years were spent in a social system that was virtually indistinguishable from feudalism. She was raised at Bowen's Court, the family home in County Cork, Ireland, on land that had been in Bowen possession since 1653. She spent her last years teaching in American colleges, living in rooms or rented apartments and listening to students worrying about the war in Viet Nam. At the end, her life had been

Elizabeth in Dublin circa 1905

Novelist Elizabeth Bowen about 1939

Touched by Cromwell and Khe Sanh.

touched directly by both Cromwell and Khe Sanh.

Along the way she had written ten novels, numerous short stories, essays and several travel books, winning for her work a respectful following both in Britain and the U.S. Biographer Victoria Glendinning, a British journalist who has lived in Ireland, argues passionately that Bowen is important, not only for her writings but also for her timing. Thanks to the Irish Rising, Bowen was destined to be the last of the Anglo-Irish writers, a lively breed that included Sheridan, Swift and Oscar Wilde. Bowen also brushed against Bloomsbury during her early years as a writer. Writes Glendinning: "She is the link that connects Virginia Woolf with Iris Murdoch and Muriel Spark."

Such follow-the-dots criticism invites rude noises. Glendinning is on safer ground when she ignores her own theories and simply tells the story of Elizabeth Bowen's life. It is a fascinating tale. Elizabeth's parents were perfectly matched in their weaknesses: dreamy, high-strung people for whom life proved to be too much. Her father had a nervous breakdown in 1905, and her mother died in 1912. Faced with all this, Elizabeth developed a strategy of "not noticing" and emerged into gawky adolescence with big hands, big feet, a stammer and pronounced nearsightedness. She married Alan Cameron, a World War I veteran and civil servant, and settled into a union

DEREK BAYES

The author at home in London, 1962

that was long on affection and short on passion. "I and my friends," she wrote in 1935, "all intended to marry early, partly because this appeared an achievement or way of making one's mark, also from a feeling it would be difficult to settle to anything else until this was done."

What Elizabeth settled after marriage was her career as a writer. She began writing short stories and, in remarkable time, had secured an influential patron (Rose Macaulay), an agent and some small renown. London literary life in the 1920s was both glittering and, with the right connections, easy to crack. "Inconceivably," Bowen wrote later, "I found myself in the same room as Edith Sitwell, Walter de la Mare, Aldous Huxley . . ."

With hardly a falter, Elizabeth transformed herself from acolyte into doyenne. Neither rich nor silly enough to qualify as one of Evelyn Waugh's bright young things, she became a hostess whom congenial partygoers tried to please. When she inherited Bowen's Court, friends and supplicants trooped obediently to Ireland, where they endured without electricity or bathrooms. Elizabeth

Excerpt

"Elizabeth did not suffer fools of the pretentious kind gladly, if at all; but it was not only 'interesting people' in whom she was interested. Nice bores, and the oddest and most unlikely people, received her sympathetic and undivided attention. Nevertheless, in Oxford she did begin to meet 'interesting people' in large numbers for the first time. And the Oxford generation with which her arrival coincided was by any standards an extraordinary one. Through David Cecil, she met Maurice Bowra, who, then in his mid-twenties—he was a year older than Elizabeth—was fellow and lecturer in classics at Wadham. (He became Warden in 1938). Bowra was already a celebrated talent-spotter and host; among those who were just finishing their undergraduate careers in the mid-1920s, and who came and went within his circle, were Rex Warner, Cecil Day Lewis, Brian Howard, Cyril Connolly, Kenneth Clark, Henry Yorke (Henry Green), John Betjeman, Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, John Sparrow, Isaiah Berlin, A.J. Ayer . . . There were giants in the earth in those days, but if in those days they were giants it was still within the context of their own circle; just a very talented group of young men."

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admitted that "the upstairs rooms are still rather Chas. Addams-ish—I often remind myself of his hostess showing in a guest: 'This is your room ... If you want anything, just scream.' " She outlived her house. It was sold and then demolished by the new owner.

Her books have outlasted other possessions. *The Death of the Heart* (1938) and *The Heat of the Day* (1949) are the novels for which she was best known, but Glendinning offers useful glosses on others as well. With varying success, Bowen constantly attacked a single problem: the effect of innocence on a world that was not ready to cope with it. "There is no doubt," she wrote in 1932, "that angels rush in before fools." She amplified this view on another occasion: "No, it is not only our fate but our business to lose innocence, and once we have lost that it is futile to attempt a picnic in Eden." Her style was difficult and sometimes, in its defiance of syntax and even grammar, infuriating. In 1955 *Punch* effectively parodied the Bowen manner: "She lit the sodden stub of last night's fag and took a sip of gin and meth to cut, as she'd have put it, the phlegm." Bowen knew that her style was odd and that it limited her popular appeal. But her manner of writing faithfully reflected the intense but indirect way she looked at the world. She approvingly described one of her novels as being "on the periphery of a passion—or, the intensified reflections of several passions in a darkened mirror."

Elizabeth Bowen has its flaws. But she does not fall into the trap of equating importance with length. If dropped, her book will not break the reader's foot. Ultimately, the biography does what it is supposed to do: it rekindles interest in the writer and in her works. — ***Paul Gray***

Looking It Up

THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA
Macmillan; 2,142 pages; $25

Ice on the ground, snow in the forecast. Fenway Park, Wrigley Field, Yankee Stadium closed for the season. Faced with such spiritual deprivation, Cato fell on his sword and Ishmael shipped out to sea. Baseball buffs have a better way of alleviating off-season angst. Like fundamentalists who find solace in Scripture, they take down their own holy writ entitled *The Baseball Encyclopedia*. Impervious to time and temperature, the good book returns readers to baseball's Jurassic era, when teams were owned by individuals rather than conglomerates, when the game was played on vegetation instead of plastic, when professionals had to hit at least .300 before they were considered superstars.

Heavy enough to induce hernia in the unconditioned, *The Baseball Encyclopedia* does not contain all there is to know about baseball. But it does hold more than enough to nourish the fan until opening day. It is the definitive reference book of baseball, the only tome that lists the year-by-year performance statistics for almost every man and child (Joe Nuxhall was only 16 when he pitched for Cincinnati) who ever played in the major leagues. The current (third) edition is now being sold out. There will not be another until 1980—an aeon away to the true baseball nut.


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Books

who relies upon the book for sooth as well as solace.

Just about every ball ever pitched, hit or dropped is recorded in its constantly enlightening pages. The record shows, for example, that in his 19 years as a professional baseball player, Infielder Ernie Banks played in 2,528 games, had 9,421 official times at bat and logged 2,583 hits for a lifetime batting average of .274. The same volume also records a loser who had but one time at bat in the majors—and struck out. His name: Walter Emmons Alston.

Some use the book to provoke bar bets: Who was waiting in the on-deck circle in 1951 when the New York Giants' Bobby Thomson hit the "shot heard 'round the world"? Willie Mays. Name three men who hit .400 three times in their careers. Rogers Hornsby, Ty Cobb, Jesse ("the Crab") Burkett. Others use the book to settle arguments. Who struck out more than any other player? Mickey Mantle, who whiffed 1,710 times during his 8,102 official times at bat. Which pitcher gave up the most bases on balls? Early Wynn, who issued 1,775 passes in his 23-year career. (He also struck out 2,334 batters.)

Many encyclopediasts pass the winter months compiling their own alltime, all-star teams. Unfortunately, most of the casts are depressingly alike: Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Cy Young, *et al.* Recently, however, the book has supplied names for more unique aggregations. The latest off-season baseball game consists of compiling teams with players related by name rather than achievement. There is the all-animal team: "Spider" Jorgensen, "Rabbit" Maranville, Jimmy Foxx. The all-color men: "Red" Ruffing, Joe Black, Vida Blue, Bobby Brown. Work has begun on an all-rhyming team. So far, compilers have not been able to go beyond Don Hahn, Ed Head and Matt Batts. — ***Peter Stoler***

Body Language

MANWATCHING: A FIELD GUIDE TO HUMAN BEHAVIOR
by Desmond Morris
Abrams; 320 pages; $16.95

The rumor is false. Desmond Morris does not write the same book every 2½ years. True, success as a pop zoologist has taught the exuberant author to waste nothing, and the heart of each book beats on in the next. Here, once again, is his message that man is a bumptious ape, so obsessed with sex that he manages to spread mock genitals over much of his body (lips are labia, breasts are buttocks, tears are urine).

But Morris gets it slightly different each time. *The Naked Ape*, his first bestseller, latched onto the gloomy Calvinism of the Lorenz-Ardrey school of animal studies: man is such an innately aggressive territorial beast that culture can hard-

Books

A glossary of Neapolitan gestures (1832)
Wild guesses and deadpan buffoonery.

ly change him. In *The Human Zoo* he made the opposite point, arguing that culture has seriously deformed the noble ape man by jamming him into tense and overcrowded cities.

Morris' next book, *Intimate Behavior*, concluded that modern folk are insufficiently tactile, a nod to the rise of groupgrope therapies. Now *Manwatching* cashes in on the body-language trend with a glossy encyclopedia of gestures, signals, facial expressions and other nonverbal behavior. Morris categorizes five kinds of nods, three types of hand waves and hundreds of different hand-to-head contacts. American hitchhikers in Sardinia should wave for a ride, because the thumbs-up sign is obscene there. Santa Claus' famous nonverbal communication, laying a finger beside his nose, means "Don't spread [the news] around" in England and "There is danger—they are crafty" in Italy.

The author devotes a generous amount of space to elaborating the obvious. According to *Manwatching*, the "basic protective response" to attack is to hide the entire body. "Long-established bonds show less intense Tie-signs than newly forming ones"; translation: older married people paw each other less in public than young lovers. When men and women appear in public wearing only one tiny garment, it is usually worn over the genitals. (Here, as so often, Morris considerately elaborates a difficult point with a photo of a topless woman.)

A few sections are so lucid and sensible that they seem like intrusions from a serious book—the discussions, for ex-

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Books

ample, of sexual differences and sociobiology. But these are too few to disturb Morris' bankable mix of borrowed scholarship, wild guesses and deadpan buffoonery. He suggests, for example, that truly stable people would consume nothing at cocktail parties, because snacks, cigarettes and drinks all represent displaced fears and aggressions.

The big news in the book is that Morris has backed down on the great armpit controversy. Until now, the author has stridently criticized women who wash, deodorize and shave under their arms on the grounds that body odor is a known sexual turn-on. Now he concedes that stale underarm smell fails to arouse a great many naked apes, and may in fact be a social minus. In his next book, look for a telling picture of Farrah in the buff, applying Arrid Extra Dry. — ***John Leo***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Daniel Martin, *John Fowles* The Honourable Schoolboy, *John le Carré* • The Professor of Desire, *Philip Roth* • Song of Solomon, *Toni Morrison* • Transatlantic Blues, *Wilfrid Sheed*

NONFICTION: Charles Dickens, *Edgar Johnson* • Coming into the Country, *John McPhee* • The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh, *edited by Michael Davie* • Dispatches, *Michael Herr* On Photography, *Susan Sontag*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Silmarillion, *Tolkien (1 last week)*
2. The Thorn Birds, *McCullough (2)*
3. The Honourable Schoolboy, *Le Carré (3)*
4. The Book of Merlyn, *White*
5. Dreams Die First, *Robbins (5)*
6. Beggarman, Thief, *Shaw (4)*
7. Daniel Martin, *Fowles (7)*
8. Illusions, *Bach (6)*
9. The Second Deadly Sin, *Sanders (10)*
10. The Immigrants, *Fast*

NONFICTION

1. All Things Wise and Wonderful, *Herriot (1)*
2. The Book of Lists, *Wallechinsky, I. & A. Wallace (2)*
3. The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx (3)*
4. Six Men, *Cooke (8)*
5. The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady, *Holden (4)*
6. The Amityville Horror, *Anson (9)*
7. Gnomes, *Huygen & Poortvliet (5)*
8. Looking Out for #1, *Ringer* (6)
9. The Second Ring of Power, *Castaneda*
10. Life Is a Banquet, *Russell with Chase*

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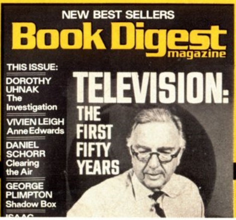

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THE MELLOW SOUND OF CHICAGO

Milestones

MARRIED. Olga Korbut, 22, petite, pixieish Soviet gymnast who won three gold medals at the 1972 Munich Olympics; and **Leonid Bortkevich,** 27, a singer with a popular Byelorussian folk-pop group called "Pesnyary"; she for the first time, he for the second; in Minsk.

DIVORCED. George C. Wallace, 58, Governor of Alabama, and **Cornelia Wallace,** 38; on their seventh wedding anniversary; in Montgomery. After the Governor sued for a no-fault divorce last September, Cornelia countersued on grounds of "physical cruelty and actual violence." The legal battle promised to be lurid, but minutes before the trial was to begin, an out-of-court agreement was announced, giving Cornelia a lump sum of $75,000 in alimony, some lake property and household appliances.

DIED. Paul Jacobs, 59, investigative reporter, left-wing political gadfly and author (*Is Curly Jewish?, Prelude to Riot*); of cancer; in San Francisco. A Trotskyite during the '30s, he worked for many years in the labor movement. In 1956 he became staff director of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a liberal think tank. One of the first reporters to warn of the dangers of radioactive fallout from U.S. nuclear testing, he later attributed his cancer to radioactive poisoning contracted while working on his articles.

DIED. Max Ascoli, 79, educator, author and editor of the *Reporter*, a distinguished but now defunct fortnightly journal of ideas; in Manhattan. An Italian anti-Fascist, Ascoli was jailed briefly under Benito Mussolini's regime and immigrated to the U.S. in 1931. The *Reporter*, which he founded in 1949, ran vigorous stories criticizing the China lobby, McCarthyism and governmental misuse of wiretapping. As staunchly anti-Communist as he was anti-Fascist, Ascoli supported the growing U.S. involvement in Viet Nam during the '60s, thereby alienating many liberal readers and leading to the demise of his magazine in 1968.

DIED. John D. MacArthur, 80, America's next-to-last known billionaire (only Shipping Tycoon Daniel K. Ludwig, 80, now remains); of cancer; in West Palm Beach, Fla. Son of a dirt farmer and wandering evangelist, MacArthur bought Bankers Life & Casualty during the Depression for $2,500 and through mail-order techniques built it into America's second largest health and accident underwriter. Although he also had multimillion-dollar interests in other companies and in real estate, MacArthur maintained an eccentric and frugal existence, pocketing desserts he could not finish on airplane flights and picking up discarded soft drink bottles to turn in for their deposits. During the last few years, he lived in a modest two-bedroom apartment and conducted much of his business from a local coffee shop.

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Cinema

Wild Child

PADRE PADRONE
Directed and Written by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani

It is a weird but persistent paradox: some brilliant movies are sheer torture to sit through. Such is the case with *Padre Padrone*, the Italian television film that last spring became the first movie ever to win both the grand prize and the international critics' prize at the Cannes Festival. *Padre Padrone* has undeniable merits; it tells a fascinating true-life story in an innovative style. Yet somehow it never makes us care passionately about its people or its subject. Though there is reason to believe that this film will influence other films, many moviegoers may forget *Padre Padrone* as soon as they leave the theater.

The movie is an adaptation of a remarkable autobiography by Gavino Ledda, a poor Sardinian shepherd's son who grew up to become an accomplished linguist. Ledda, now in his mid-30s, spent his formative years in almost total isolation and ignorance. Yanked out of school at age six by his tyrannical father, he lived alone in the fields and tended his family's flock until he turned 20. Only when he escaped to the Italian army did he discover the pleasures of literacy, industrialized civilization and social intercourse. In *Padre Padrone* (English title: *My Father, My Master*), we see how Ledda overcame his punishing childhood and the cultural heritage of centuries to seize a life of intellectual endeavor. To their credit, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, the brothers who directed the film, do not sentimentalize material that could easily collapse into bathos. *Padre Padrone* unfolds in brief and often brutal bursts of drama that are more reminiscent of Godard movies than of anthropological documentaries; the film's unsettling rhythm is meant to echo the primitive manners of the society it describes. Even more startling is the Tavianis' extravagant use of sound to intensify and comment upon the film's pivotal incidents. When, for instance, the hero first experiences sex (in the form of bestiality), the panting of a chorus of unseen copulators overwhelms the action. Later, a moment of incongruous accordion music smashes the film's pastoral hush to prefigure Ledda's liberation from the enforced silence of his youth. While the film is vibrantly photographed and generally well acted (notably by Omero Antonutti as the father and Fabrizio Forte as the young Ledda), the sound track is the true star.

Father and son in *Padre Padrone*
Brief and brutal bursts of drama.

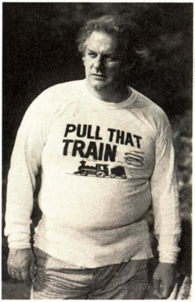
The Tavianis' film-making techniques remain daring throughout, but *Padre Padrone's* style finally proves to be not only the movie's principal virtue but its undoing. The directors are too coldly rigorous in their efforts to remain aloof from the emotional content of their story: they place so large an intellectual distance between us and the characters that the gap becomes unbridgeable. That is why we admire *Padre Padrone* without being engaged by it, and care more about the film makers' achievements than we do about what happens to the hero. Like other such oddities as Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad* or Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*, *Padre Padrone* is a dead movie whose novel cinematic vocabulary will survive the corpse. — ***Frank Rich***

Sour Notes

THE CHOIRBOYS
Directed by Robert Aldrich
Screenplay by Christopher Knopf

Choir practice, according to Policeman turned Novelist Joseph Wambaugh, is a harness-bull euphemism for what cops do together off duty to relieve the tensions of their enervating jobs. It appears to consist mainly of boozing, wenching and venting gripes against their superiors and the semi-military system in which they toil. It follows that the participants in these raunchy revels are *The Choirboys*. The movie of the same title just got in under the New Year's Day wire as 1977's most repulsive release, but Hollywood will have to go some to top it in '78.

Wambaugh has dissociated himself from Robert Aldrich's film, but its spirit



Charles Durning in *The Choirboys*
Flat and fitful signs of life.

is really not that far from his novel's. The intention in both cases is to demonstrate that cops are human too—vulgar, shady, resentful of authority, unfeeling at precisely those moments when they need to show some sensitivity. But, of course, there is more to being human than that, and the interrelated short stories of the book had about them the air of artless anecdote. They were tales that might have been funny if you'd been there, but that turned flat and ugly in the retelling.

The movie is even farther removed from its realistic sources. It amounts to a lot of stupid dirty jokes among a group of men who demonstrate not a single redeeming, or even contrasting characteristic. An exception might be Charles Durning playing a weary, overweight cop fighting to keep a rebellious tongue in check until he can collect his pension. The rest are sadists, masochists, sneaks, morons, arrested adolescents, vile companions for a two-hour journey. Aldrich has shot them all in a harsh, flat light that matches his essentially pornographic spirit, and he has directed without nuance, jerking the movie to fitful life with occasional shocks—a beating here, a murder there, over in the corner some sick, sad sex.

Howard Hawks, the director who made a distinguished subgenre about the affectionate feelings of men functioning in groups to perform dangerous tasks, died a few days after this film's release. One trusts that he did not see how, in the '70s, his great and characteristically American movie theme has been debased in this film. — ***Richard Schickel***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